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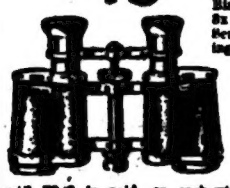

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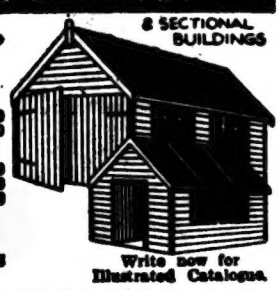

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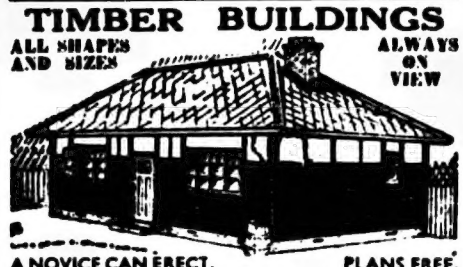

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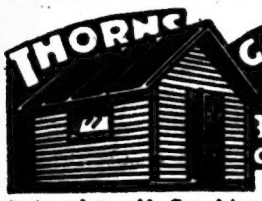

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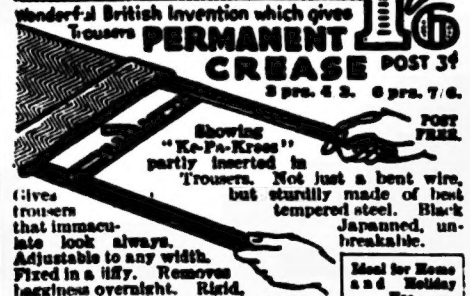

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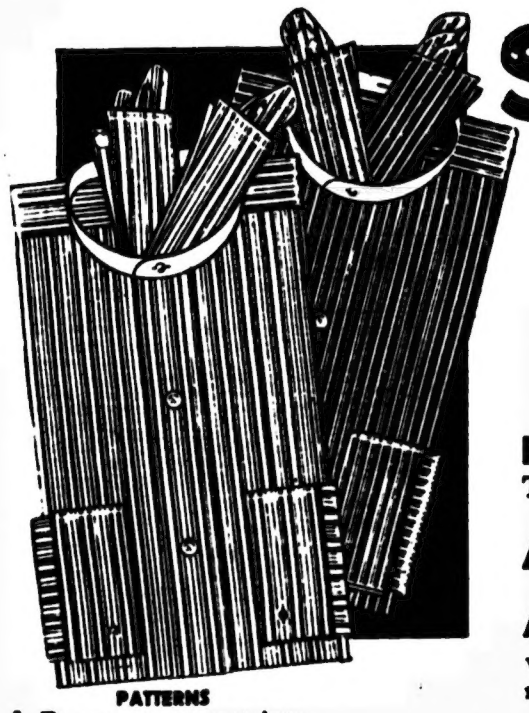

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Without Fear or Favour

Captains are peddling hairbrushes from door to door while their ships are lying, idle and rotting, in our rivers and ports

OUR Rotting SHIPS

At the World Economic Conference the other day the Chancellor of the Exchequer made shipping history. He announced that the British delegation would make every effort to secure by international agreement the reduction and eventual abolition of shipping subsidies.

By the use of this unfair weapon our chief rivals on the high seas have in the last year or two struck a paralysing blow at our own unsubsidised shipping.

We say that Mr. Chamberlain made history, because his announcement is about the only important instance since the war when our statesmen have bestirred a finger to check the decline of our once great shipping industry.

Where is the British Mercantile Marine today?

There are ships lying up in meadows; ships lying in deserted, forlorn lines in our great estuaries; ships fouling and rusting along the banks of forgotten rivers; ships everywhere—except on the high seas, fetching and carrying, doing the job they were built to do.

It is vital to our life as a nation that our ships, as our statesmen are at last beginning to realise, should once more sail the seas with full bottoms.

Seventy thousand British merchant seamen and officers are now workless and hopeless. On April 1 last 3,500,000 tons of British shipping were laid up rotting and idle in our rivers and ports— *the major portion of our Merchant Navy.*

THE year which ended during that month was, in the words of Cammell Laird's chairman, "the most disastrous in the history of British shipping." Twenty-five important shipyards did not launch a single ship, and the shipbuilding trade became the most depressed in the country.

Nearly two-thirds of our total strength of sea-going officers and men were out of work, and are still out of work.

Hull, Newcastle, Glasgow, Cardiff and London have between them over 2,000 ships' officers tramping the streets in a vain search for work. This desolate army includes over 600 captains.

There are first officers selling firewood, captains peddling bootlaces and hawking brushes from door to door in a last desperate effort to keep themselves and their families alive.

They are trained men, the pick of our race, by whom England's maritime power has been built and who must not be allowed to perish.

And now they are selling bootlaces. The majority of them have almost given up "waiting for a ship." The Blue Peter is a flag they have forgotten.

While all this has been going on, while during the past year our derelict tonnage has been mounting to a terrifying figure, 23,000 foreign vessels entered and left English ports. They carried in and out nearly 40,000,000 tons of cargo.

In the medley of trading agreements of the last few years the foreigners have somehow managed to insist on no trade with Great Britain unless the goods are carried in their own ships.

Our ships have been driven out of the battle by other countries who in a crazy race for maritime power have subsidised their fleets on a colossal scale.

Germany, France and Italy together will have spent over £80,000,000 this year on subsidising their shipping. They have bought millions of tons of obsolete British shipping destined for shipbreakers' yards and set them afloat under their own flags.

They have flung an additional 20 million tons on the trade routes when trade is 50 per cent. less than it was in 1914.

Freights have been cut to limits where no British vessels could compete. The foreigners have got the business—and their taxpayers have paid for it. And meanwhile Britain is being driven off the seas.

WE do not advocate shipping subsidies—subsidies can sometimes prove a two-edged weapon—but we do insist that until now our Government has simply sat down and watched our shipping industry sink into a shadow of itself without any real attempt to stop it.

True, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the House of Commons the other day agreed to withdraw the heavy oil tax on fuel consumed by British coastal traders. But that was a minor concession, a mere crumb of comfort, in no sense a remedy for the plight in which our shipping industry finds itself.

Here is one recent instance, small enough but typical, of the sort of thing we are up against. Italian passenger vessels heavily subsidised are now cutting into the carrying traffic to India and Australia. Last year scores of British officers and Government officials made their voyages out on service and home on leave in these vessels.

And their passages were paid with Government money, while English vessels were sailing with empty cabins.

The fact is, of course, that the Italians, because of their subsidy, were able to quote vastly lower rates, and the officer passengers, allowed passage money on the British scale, merely pocketed the difference.

THERE will be lots of ghosts in the background at the World Conference—one the ghost of our shipping industry, which we hope will be ever-present before the minds of our delegates to warn them that the country expects them to do more than talk the time away.

It is no exaggeration to say that on the success or failure of the agreements reached round the Conference table our future destiny as a maritime nation depends.

Every shipowner in the country knows it. Mr. Runciman knows it, too. And we hope that as a member of a famous shipping family, as the President of the Board of Trade and as one of our delegates at the Conference he will see that the Mercantile Marine is not forgotten in the Conference deliberations, even if some of his colleagues are inclined to overlook it.

It is up to Mr. Runciman to shake the moths from the Red Duster!

Grave Charges Air Ministry Must Answer

Censure the Careless Doctors!

Fire Hero Six Times Over

There are still too many air accidents . . . the public rightly wonders why

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

WHAT is the truth about the Air Ministry's £400,000-a-year experimental station at Farnborough?

There are still far too many flying accidents, both civil and military, and the public rightly wonders whether all is well at this station, which has been voted, in all, about £6,000,000 to make aviation safer and more efficient.

Grave accusation

Now a prominent writer on aviation has flatly accused Farnborough of "the murder" of many Royal Air Force and civilian pilots, killed in machines which, he alleges, the experts should never have passed as airworthy.

There are criticisms, too, from other sources, that a certain type of machine was passed in which there was serious wing trouble; that another was in production for eighteen months before a fault was discovered which Farnborough should have noticed in the first place. Fatalities resulted from both the alleged blunders of the experts.

Case for enquiry

These charges may or may not be well founded, but we think the time has come for them to be probed by an official enquiry.

Such an enquiry might also confirm or repudiate criticisms that Farnborough is not doing all it should do towards improving aircraft design, though that is one of its duties.

It is said that practically every great improvement in this direction in recent years—the slotted wing of Handley-Page, the auto-gyro of Cierva and others—have resulted from private enterprise and research.

The only answer

We know there is another side to the question—that the Farnborough experts lose no opportunity of consulting those of the Aeronautical Research Committee, who have no peers anywhere in the world.

All the same, the Air Ministry should lose no further time in setting the mind of the public at rest, especially in view of the recent series of Air Force accidents.

A full and searching enquiry into all the facts can alone do this. It is the only effective way the Ministry can answer its critics and allay public uneasiness.

Dangerous doctors

Thefts of dangerous drugs from doctors' cars still go on unchecked. The other day it was a Twickenham doctor who lost a large quantity of cocaine and morphia.

There is a simple way to stop these thefts. Let the doctors refrain from leaving these poisonous drugs lying about in their unattended cars in the street.

Lord Trenchard's appeal for greater care was endorsed by the Medical Council, but it's high time the Council itself did something in the matter.

Homes—if and when

We are not surprised that Smethwick Town Council has had to tell the 8,000 people on its waiting list for houses that it cannot help them now that the Government is discouraging municipal building. We note, too, that nearly two thousand people queued up to put down their names for a new Sheffield municipal estate.

It is no use telling these people to buy their own houses. Most of them can't. Building societies are doing admirable work, but they can't solve the whole problem. Local councils should be encouraged to build again.

Going up

By the way, there has been a sharp rise in the cost of building materials, and Sir Hilton Young, the Minister of Health, says he is "watching the position closely."

We welcome his assurance. And we expect him to take drastic measures to stop any attempts at profiteering in this vital matter.

New broom at work

His colleague, Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, is also on the watch—but, in his case, for "sweep" tickets.

For the Government is determined to cripple the Irish "Sweep" as far as it can. So passengers from Ireland are to be carefully searched, letters and parcels minutely examined, and all consignments of Irish goods will be regarded as suspect until definitely proved "innocent."

But as other moves in this direction have failed, it seems unlikely that this one will be very successful.

Supreme heroism

Brave rescues from blazing buildings are made nearly every day, but we must mention the feat of an unemployed Hastings man, Frederick Cooper.

Six times he climbed along a ledge only three inches wide at the top storey of a burning house and brought to safety a mother and her two children.

He was severely scorched, and it was a miracle that he escaped with his life. We hope he speedily recovers—and as speedily finds a job.

Second thoughts worse

We've precious little patience with the magistrates of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

They had before them a man charged with stealing a car and driving dangerously. After retiring, the chairman announced that there were doubts in the case, which would therefore be dismissed.

But two justices objected, so they all retired again—and came back with the astonishing decision that the evidence was quite satisfactory and the man must go to jail for six months!

We don't see how evidence that is doubtful one moment can be satisfactory a moment later. And we can certainly do without magistrates who don't appear to know their own minds.

Jokers, beware

Another strange sentence was that passed on young Henry Lever, of Bolton.

He snatched off a girl's shoe and ran away with it. He was said to have had a fall on his head as a child, which had left him "queer."

Ordering him to jail for six months, the presiding magistrate remarked, "The imprisonment is not so much a punishment, but to save you from yourself."

At this rate the man should have been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Sporting talent?

Then there was the £20 fine imposed on Private George Hardy, a boxer of the Northants Regiment, for his savage assault on a special constable.

Because the constable advised a half-drunken party to go home, some of the men held his arms while Hardy punched him until he was unconscious and sent flying through a shop window.

Yet an officer told the court that the regiment was willing to take Hardy back and pay his fine. Why? Because he is a good boxer?

Anyway, we hope the fine isn't paid from the regimental funds, which is the property of lads too British to batter helpless men.

Infamous

We are glad that both the coroner and a medical witness called attention to a terrible pension hardship at an inquest on a Hampshire man named Cottrell, who was drowned during an epileptic fit.

An ex-Serviceman, Cottrell had been subject to fits only since the War. His doctor said: "It was rather strange that he received no pension, because he was permanently disabled and had not earned a penny since his discharge."

Strange? It is as infamous a case as we can imagine.

Challenge

"Corruption is rife among members of public bodies in Wales. These members have opportunities for betrayal and it is seldom that they let one go by."

That is the charge of Mr. R. R. Williams, former Director of Education for the Rhondda, and is yet another episode in the campaign against municipal graft started by JOHN BULL.

What have the heads of Welsh official bodies to say about it? Will they call on Mr. Williams to prove his words or withdraw them?

Or will they, as has been the case so often elsewhere, maintain a discreet silence?

At last

It's good news that the Home Secretary has yielded to our demand for an inquiry into the imprisonment for non-payment of fines, rates, and maintenance orders.

Last year nearly 12,000 people went to jail for such causes at a cost of about £68,000. So we hope the committee of enquiry will be told to complete its proceedings as quickly as possible.

Business as usual

Teach your children to swim—but not at Glasgow.

For at its finest public swimming pond each child must pay sixpence—siderable sum for a youngster i days. So, even on the hottest da half a dozen adult bathers are found there—and no children.

But this pleases the Corpo which doesn't want the pond "c out with juveniles." Apparently gow, like many other towns, business that saves the rate money.

The makers of crime

We were pleased to see that t siding alderman at Guildhall Court spoke his mind about the re who flourish on the proceeds London robberies.

It was JOHN BULL which fully e a few months ago, the methods c receivers and their records. W that these men were infinitely sinister than the thieves they and we are glad our view is e by the Bench.

Let the police redouble their to bring them to justice, and w hear of fewer large-scale robberi

As we said—

And it is gratifying to note th Justice Eve last week described horrible swindle" a transaction Broad Street Press, Ltd.

Time after time we have den this notorious share-pushing f similar terms. If all investors ha our advice years ago its activities have been quickly ended and thousands of pounds saved.

Britain's great chance

Well, the Wimbledon tennis cha ships open on Monday. With Pe Austin playing better than eve did, here is Britain's great oppo to win back her long-lost honours.

In another year American an tralian youth will be in better fo even now may win.

Anyway, may the best players

Question of taste

Summing up in the lawsuit con alleged vulgarity in a London Mr. Justice du Parcq made an able definition of good taste.

He told the jury that they adopt the standard of dece reasonable men and women—people who were shocked at a or of those who were never sho

That is our view, too. And if generally adopted, there'd be a indecency and vulgarity on th to-day.

Good idea

So families living on the County Council estate at Can want to pay their rates by weekly ments with their rent instead terly.

Most of the tenants are poorish and they say they are often tem illness or other unforeseen stances to dip into the money for the rates. But the borough refuses to help, though it is idle tend that the proposed arra would involve much extra work.

To us, the borough councillo either lazy or silly. Probably b

Church disgraces

The Bishop of London used t words in describing as "an awf dal" the plight of poor cle widows who are left without a We are glad he persuaded the Assembly to adopt some sort of plan, inadequate though it is.

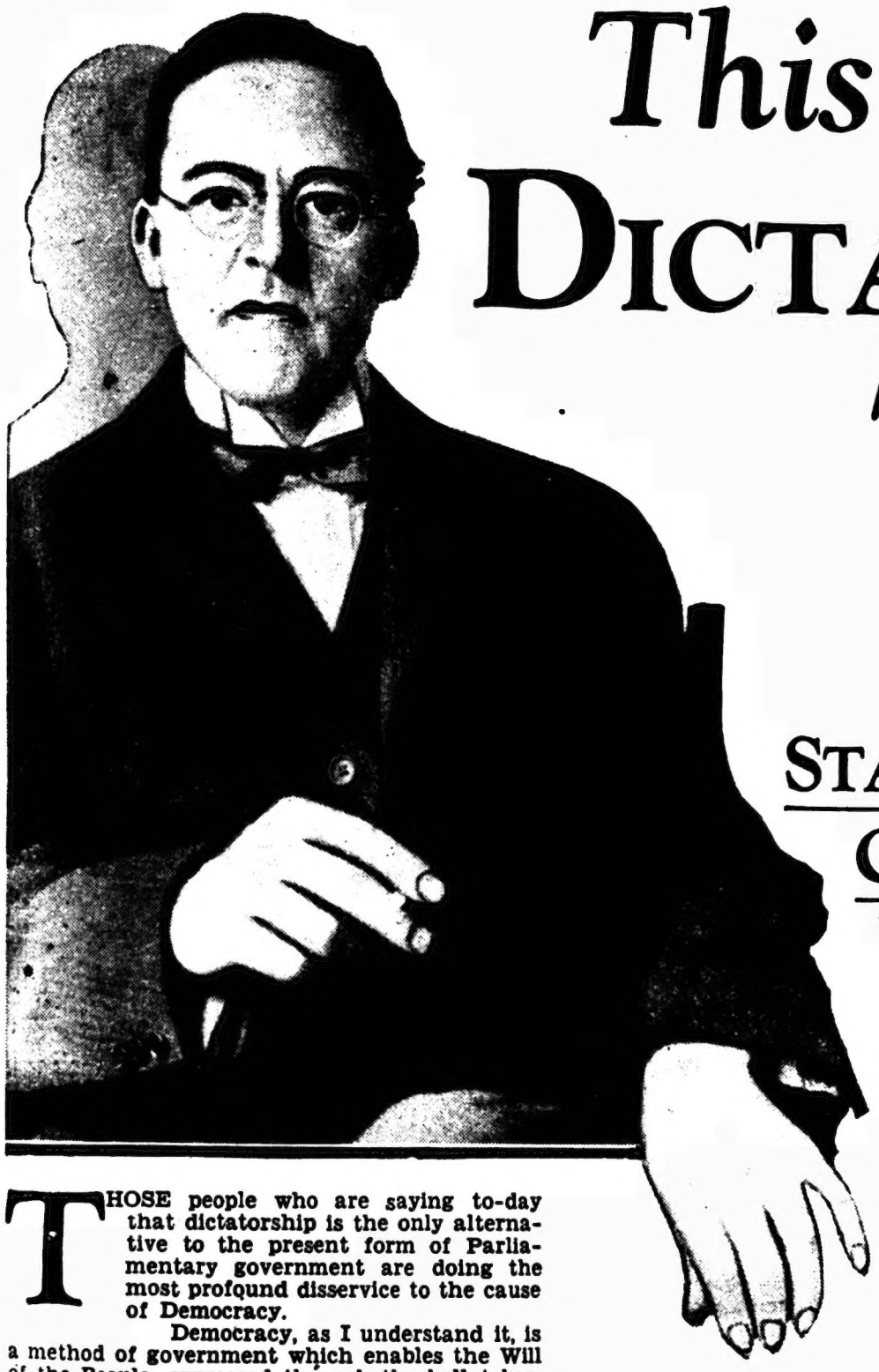
But there are many more within the Church—and one the poor clergymen who are st

There are scores of parso though their congregations enjoy rich livings. And there dreds of slum parsons, haras over-worked, who have a strugg their bills.

This is the next thing the Assembly should tackle.

This DICTATOR Talk

by Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, K.C., M.P.



THOSE people who are saying to-day that dictatorship is the only alternative to the present form of Parliamentary government are doing the most profound disservice to the cause of Democracy.

Democracy, as I understand it, is a method of government which enables the Will of the People, expressed through the ballot-box, to be carried into practical legislative effect.

It does not depend upon any precise forms or upon the slavish maintenance of a slow-moving machinery of government suitable to preserve all the existing class privileges, and designed to place the greatest impediments in the way of progress or of constitutional changes.

One thing which must be apparent from post-war history is the inability of the existing democratic machinery, largely devised to carry out a Liberal policy of *laissez faire*, to cope with the complexity of our present economic problems.

Parliamentary government has been abandoned in country after country, not because the peoples of the world desired to abandon democracy, but because they found themselves unable to adapt their democratic machinery of government to the urgent necessities of the time.

Democracy's denial

IN this country we have a so-called National Government with an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons and a servile House of Lords.

Yet, in spite of its great power, the Government has been compelled to make use of Emergency Powers measures, to abrogate any effective Parliamentary control over tariffs, and to increase immensely the area of legislation by Orders in Council.

In a recent discussion in the House of Commons the Minister of Agriculture insisted upon the necessity of depriving the courts of any right to declare certain Orders in Council illegal.

These are devices which the modern economic developments have made necessary. Interminable discussion and unlimited power of blocking legislation is not in any sense a necessary concomitant of democracy; it may, in fact, become, as it was with the last Labour Government, an absolute denial of all democratic ideas.

If these modifications of the Parliamentary system had been made by a Labour Government they would have been of no avail, since the opposition of the House of Lords would still have succeeded in blocking the necessary legislation.

To imagine that in these times reliance can be placed upon the Parliament Act is to misunderstand the urgency of the situation. A Labour Government which awaited the slow operation of that Act would find that the economic power of its opponents had caused its fall long before the two-year period had expired.

There are three things which are in my view essential to maintain democracy.

The first is to afford the elected assembly—that is, the House of Commons—a free and unfettered opportunity for discussing and laying down the main lines of National Policy each year.

The second, to afford full and ample opportunity for criticism of the Government's carrying out of that policy.

The third, to ensure the absolute sovereign power of the House of Commons.

The task of those who believe in democracy is so to adapt our present House of Commons procedure and our method of legislation as to preserve these three principles and yet to achieve a businesslike assembly which will be capable of sufficiently rapid and effective action to save the country from dictatorship whether from the Right or from the Left.

It is largely because the democrats of other countries have neglected this vitally important consideration of the machinery of Government that they have found themselves overwhelmed by the insistent call to action, which has resulted in dictatorships.

I can see no reason why this country should be immune from the impact of world economic forces which have completely overthrown the political institutions of Europe.

Those who view our present Parliamentary system, with all its inefficiency and delays, as a bulwark against Socialism and as the great protector of Capitalism, will, of course, raise the cry that any change must mean dictatorship, just as they raised the cry of the Zinovieff letter or the Post Office savings.

It is true that it would never be possible to bring about Socialism with an existing two-chamber Parliament.

If the people of this country, tired of a decayed and outworn capitalism, demand the substitution of some better and faster system, they must equip the Government they choose with machinery adequate to the task; not with the powers of a dictator, but with powers that make the change possible.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS' article is a reply to A. G. Gardiner who, in "John Bull" last week, said:

"Sir Stafford Cripps denies that he and his colleagues desire to upset Parliamentary government and establish a Dictatorship. Yet in the next breath he declares war on 'the existing machinery of government.'

"And what alternative is there to Parliament but the alternative of Dictatorship? Is it not that alternative on which the whole policy of the Socialist League is founded?"

Paths to chaos

IT is not the true function of a democratic assembly, such as the House of Commons, to spend its time discussing every detail of legislation or administration.

It should lay down the broad lines of policy, indicate the direction and speed of the progress it desires, and then leave it to the Government to carry through the details subject to its general supervision. This is sensible democracy, practical businesslike Government.

And when administrative orders have been made under Parliamentary approval, it is ridiculous to allow some disgruntled individual to challenge them months, and even years, after in the courts of law.

Such legislative methods lead only to chaos. Parliament is the proper body to determine the validity of administrative orders made by its officers, the Ministers of the day.

To speak of this as putting the judicial courts in irons is to misunderstand completely the functions of the judiciary.

The policy of the Socialist League is founded essentially upon democratic methods, not a sham democracy which functions only in favour of the capitalists, but a real democracy which enables the workers to achieve what they desire when they desire it.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to give any detail of the reforms in the constitution of the Cabinet and in the procedure of the House of Commons which we believe to be necessary. These I have set out elsewhere.

This problem of preserving true democracy is one well worth the attention of all who share my dislike of dictatorships.

The only way

AS soon as the electorate decides in favour of the immediate introduction of Socialism, true democracy will demand that legislative effect be given to that decision. No one can be so blind as to imagine that that would be possible with our present Parliamentary machinery and a hostile House of Lords. We must then be prepared to adapt that machinery and to get rid of the House of Lords, but in so doing we must endeavour to preserve the three cardinal points stated above.

If we are afraid to face the task, or lack the inventiveness to carry it into operation, we shall have to admit the total failure of democracy, for we shall have been unable to give legislative effect to the Will of the People.

This result may appeal to the capitalists who see in it a continuance of their power, but it is not one that will be accepted indefinitely by the working classes of this country.

The Royal Bridegrooms

THE Royal dynasties of Europe will require soon to consider seriously whether they might not have to follow the precept of their subjects and summon a World Conference of their own.

They, too, are facing a grave problem, the gravest in their history; an issue which threatens to undermine their existence as the holders of those prerogatives of immemorial antiquity that have endowed them with the power to rule and to bequeath both prerogatives and powers to their heirs.

The royal houses of Europe are rocking perilously, more through the unexpected jolts in their own internal dynastic systems that have afflicted them during recent years than by the shocks of external revolution and discontent.

Something has gone radically wrong in the interior workings of European monarchism, threatening to weaken it so seriously that, unless checked, the end is inevitable and but a measure of time.

Briefly stated, the position is that the royalties are in revolt against themselves. Paradoxical, but true.

Staggering blows

Since the Great War there has developed a growing "revolution" among the younger elements of the sovereign and ruling houses to break away from the royal traditions and their forebears and to discard the trappings and adornments, as well as the privileges, of generations of royalty and rule.

The "younger set" among the hierarchy of kings, emperors and princes is deliberately, but gaily, tipping over the seats of majesty.

The most ancient and powerful of the great European royal families are suffering from the dread affliction of internal disruption.

The magnificent Hapsburgs of Austria, the proud Bourbons of Spain, the ambitious Hohenzollerns of Germany, the gentle House of Denmark—all have staggered from blows dealt by their own kin during these few years that have followed the crashing disruption of the world war.

Behind the charming fairy tale "Cinderella" romances of princely loves for shy, but beautiful, commoners lay the great tragedies of royal fathers and mothers, the kings and queens, the guardians of great heritages, who sit and watch, powerlessly, the glories of royalty vanishing away into the mist of forgotten and discarded things, hurried on the way by their own descendants.

Royal heartbreak

Nor is it only the fact of a "mésalliance" that causes royal distress and heartbreaks.

It is rather that they see a dangerous onrush of democratic ideas into the domains of regality, threatening to overwhelm and sweep away the whole edifice of sovereignty and empire.

The young scions of royalty are not merely intermingling the red blood of the commonalty with the blue blood of kings, but in doing so they contemptuously scoff at the ages-old doctrine of the "divine rights" of Kings and triumphantly proclaim their allegiance to the new forces of the people and the popular will.

They are levelling down austere and dominating majesty to the norm of democracy.

They are consciously aligning themselves on the side of those whose conception of life and matters and the development of human relationships is not only inconsistent with, but diametrically opposed to, the ideas of their progenitors.

They don't care

Not just parental discontent urged the deposed Alfonso the Thirteenth, Most Catholic Majesty of Spain, to make frantic efforts to deter his son and heir, Don Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias, from leading Senorita Edoliniva Ingnacia Adriana San Pedro Ocejo of Cuba to the wedding altar.

It was rather the head of the noble House of Bourbon, of proud lineage and historic tradition, trying frantically to avert the disaster of a break in a proud tradition and to save a precedent which may destroy a dynastic system.

In days gone by the princes who flew in the face of ancestry by marrying outside the sacred circle of hereditary royalty were met by the stern and frowning penalty of excommunication from the inheritance of royal privileges.

There was the menace of a solemn proclamation of enforced abdication from prospective thrones.

But in these days the frowns and proclamations do not worry the young generations of royalty. In announcing their betrothals to the maidens of common stock they simultaneously renounce their claims to inherit the thrones and the privileges of their class

and declare their adherence to the modern ideals of commonalty.

Don Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias, is even reported to have declared that "on my marriage to Senorita Ocejo I shall publish a manifesto addressed to the Spanish people renouncing my rights to the throne."

What a turmoil!

It is said that he will henceforth style himself plain "Mr. Bourbon." What a turmoil there will be in Valhalla where the great royal Bourbons sit at least among the demi-gods!

When Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Germany, grandson of the exiled All Highest Emperor Wilhelm II of Hohenzollern and Doorn, and heir to the throne of the German Empire, wedded the other day his simple but charming Fraulein Dorothea von Salviati, he declared that the rules of the House of Hohenzollern barring his accession to the throne in consequence were "antiquated."

He thus announces a doctrine of daring and dangerous novelty, menacing the very foundations of monarchical overlordship.

Nor did Prince Wilhelm worry about the stern proclamation from the Royal Household of Prussia that "on attaining his majority Prince Wilhelm agreed to forfeit all his rights of primogeniture in case of his marriage without the approval of the Royal House." He married his Fraulein without a tremor of contrition or doubt. Indeed, he is reported as declaring that "we have our friends and our comrades among the young people, and they will all be with us in this matter."

The hostility of the old nobility? "Well, things have changed, and it is hard to make the old people see."

Looking ahead

That crystallises the case of the young royalist "revolutionaries." *Things have changed.*

They are looking at the present and towards the future and themselves aiding and abetting the change in ideas, the new order of thought and movements that eliminates the past and all it stood for.

Near Stockholm live "Mr. and Mrs. Bernadotte," two quiet, unassuming

MEAN LANDLORDS

CERTAIN landlords have hit upon a very shabby way of penalising their tenants.

They are appropriating to their own use the refunds that are made to tenants when penny-in-the-slot meters are emptied.

One of our readers has had the courage to protest against this meanness, and when his landlord recently refused to hand over a refund in this way he promptly decided to invoke legal aid.

* * *

He took out a summons at the county court, and the grasping landlord was made to toe the line. The money due to him was soon paid into court, together with costs.

Our reader points out that every penny counts to an unemployed man. We agree. And readers who may have similar experiences should profit by his example and make a firm stand.

Who Wants 1,000 Thrills?

When the luxury liner s.s. *Empress of Britain* takes her next World Cruise, two of her passengers, revelling in a millionaire's luxury tour of twenty-four countries, will be JOHN BULL's guests.

In addition to this World Tour for Two, offered to the First Prize-winner in this week's Record Midsummer Offer, finally announced on pages 38 and 39, the sender of the best *Bullet* will also receive a Life Pension of £4 a week and £1,000 cash. Why shouldn't this prize of 1,000 thrills be *yours?*

in REVOLT —Romances that are Shaking Kingship

Their path of love leads away from the throne . . .
Don Alfonso with his fiancée: "On my marriage I shall publish a manifesto renouncing my rights to the throne," he is reported to have said

people of Sweden, happy in a life of private and unobtrusively simple citizenship.

"Mr. Bernadotte" is a humble business man with aspirations to become a radio announcer. About a year ago he was Prince Lennart, son of the Duke of Stidermania, Crown Prince of Sweden, and next in the line of succession to the throne.

Despite the refusal of consent by his grandfather, the King, he not only married Karen Nissvandt, the daughter of an accountant, but married her before a few friends in the quiet, drab surroundings of a London register office.

In doing so, he not only renounced his royal station and prerogatives, but willingly acquiesced in his forfeiture of the claims to succeed to the throne and fortunes of the great General Bernadotte, on whose head Napoleon set the ancient crown of Sweden.

Lennart had no qualms about his severance from the great estate of his ancestors, nor did his chosen entry into the so-called lower orders agitate his mind or affect his prospects.

"I have no regrets," he said. "I have made up my mind. I am perfectly content to lose my title and all that goes with it."

Broken chain

And like his successor recruit to democratic notions, Wilhelm of Prussia, he added the keynote of the younger royalists' abandonment of the past: "I look forward—not backward."

In Roumania, the same flood of defiance of rank, tradition and privilege is invading the Royal House in Bucharest.

King Carol's precept of democratic loves has been followed closely, but with still more determined disregard of the consequences, by his brother, Prince Nicholas.

His prospects of kingship as next in the line of succession to his nephew the Crown Prince and ex-King Michael were no deterrent to his morganatic alliance with Madame Saveanu, the former wife of a Roumanian officer.

Neither the threats nor the entreaties of his brother and his family were able to restrain this Roumanian prince and member of a great German royal house from shedding his dignities.

"I want no favours, no honours, no money," he stated. He faced without compunction the indignity of exile rather than be dissuaded from his purpose of marriage with a wife of humble birth.

He broke the chain of royalty in favour of the new ideas of freedom from tradition running directly and uncaringly through the closest corporations of royalism and aristocracy.

Not less was the breach made by the bombshell thrown into the ranks of princedom through the marriage of His Serene Highness Prince Wolff Heinrick Stolberg-Stolberg—Ruling Count of Stolberg, Konigstein, Rochefort, Wernigrode and Hohenstein, Lord of Eppstein, Munzenberg, Brenberg, Agimont Lohoa and Glettenberg—to Irma Erfert, the mayor's daughter, and housemaid in the Prince's own castle.

For her this noble German prince cast aside proposals for an alliance with the Crown Princess Juliana of Holland and the prospects of a seat on the throne of the Netherlands.

The disapproval of his overlord, the ex-Kaiser of Germany, meant nothing to him. "I have chosen my bride of a humble station," he announced, instead of listening to those who talked of duty to the house of his fathers. "I have no regrets over my choice and shall not have in the future."

The same note—the triumph of the future overriding the past.

In the Royal House of Denmark these self-same influences have appeared to notch the even line of ancestry and royal continuity.

Dish-washer's bride

Three years ago Erik, Prince of Denmark and in the direct succession to the throne, threw aside his regal privileges to marry the daughter of a Canadian lumberman, and ever since has lived the life of a private citizen without qualm or regret for abandoned dignities.

And not the least of the inroads into the ranks of majesty was the ill-fated and astonishing case of Princess Viktoria of Hohenzollern, sister of the exiled Emperor of Germany, through her strange matrimonial adventure with Zubkoff, the ex-waiter and dish-washer.

In face of an avalanche of imperial menaces and cajolery, this princess of the proud House of Hohenzollern persisted in her alliance with a member of the lower order of democracy

Tired of the pomp and panoply of royalty, the already old Viktoria walked to the marriage altar with the humblest of her former subjects, defiant of the scorn of her class, careless of their derision, to share the mean life of hardship and notoriety with the unknown citizen who had swayed her

She, too, felt the urging wave of changed ideas which made what was once an impossible mésalliance into a recognised alliance.

Falling castles

Then we have the Archduke Albrecht, one of the successors to the Iron Crown of Hungary, who finally abdicated his claims to a throne of ancient lineage to marry Irene Rudenay, the former wife of a Hungarian Minister, leaving the way clear for the restoration of his cousin, the young Archduke Otto, now an exile in an obscure Belgian village, waiting for the moment and the opportunity to march to Budapest to ascend the seat of his ancestors.

Through all these "romances" of descent from the heights of royalty to the lower planes of democratic alliance runs the same theme and the same purpose. The younger royalties, the inheritors of past traditions of rule and rank, are being swept by the irrepressible currents of new thought and notions.

The "revolt" of the younger royalties is a portent of the advance of changed ideals which sees right and no wrong in the intertwining of the new and the old. They, more than any other influences, are wreaking the destruction of the castles of the kings.

Prince Lennart said, "I am perfectly content to lose my title and all that goes with it," and accordingly he married this girl and became plain Mr. Bernadotte

The Human Machine

The Hidden Test

MANY people bemoan the fact that they have never had a chance to show how great they really are. "If only I could be given a position of real responsibility," they say, "I'd soon show the world what an organising genius I am, quickly demonstrate that few people are more capable of keeping a level head, coming to quick decisions, and controlling others."

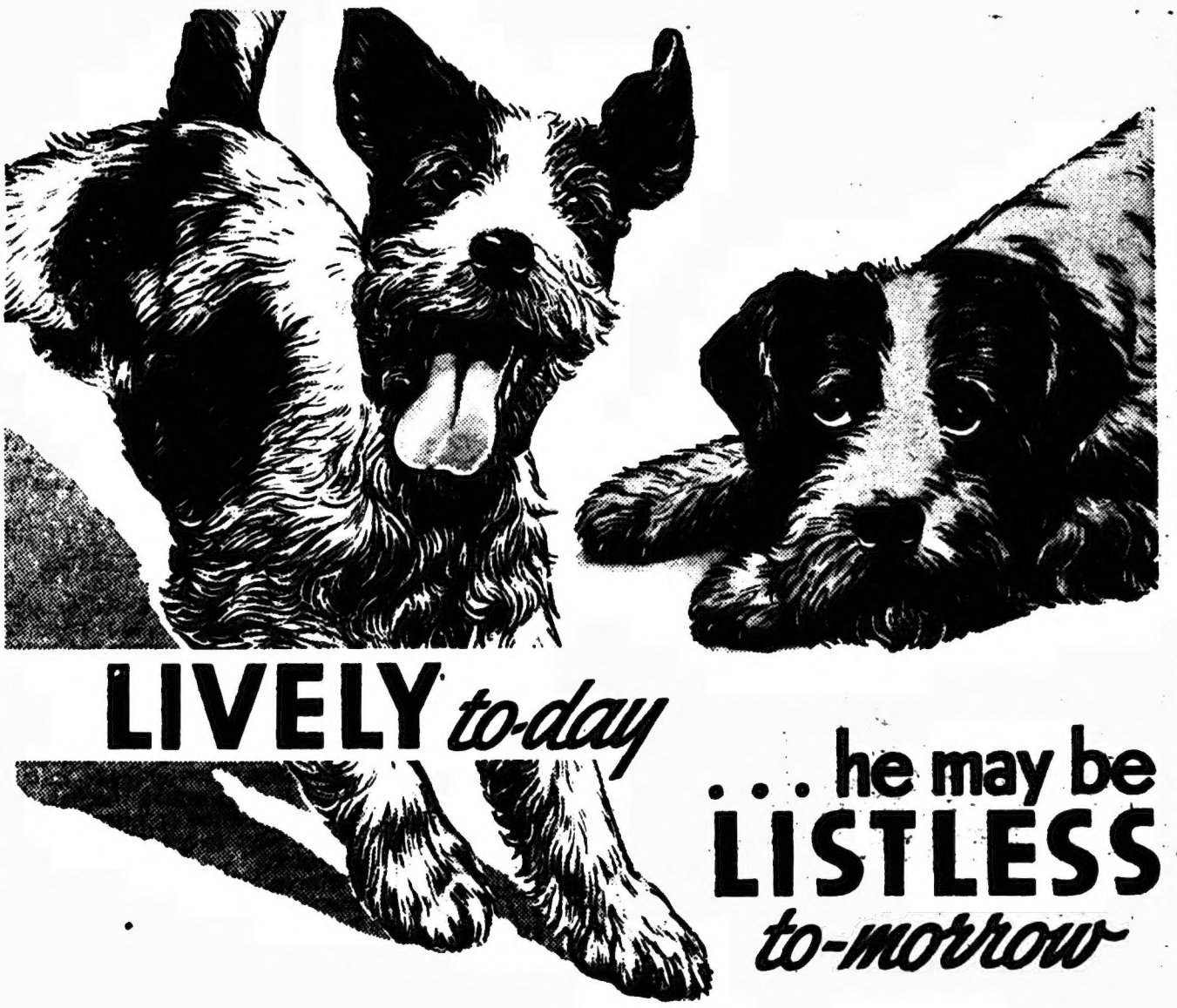
It sounds good—in theory. In practice such moans are usually a thousand miles from any basis of fact. For it is not that such people have never had a chance. The truth is that they have never even begun to make the chance, since they have no knowledge of how chances are made.

We make our own chances. If you'd heard that before, never mind. Hear it again. Write it down. Learn it off by heart. Do anything and everything to get it impressed on your brain once and for all. And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred those who moan about never being given a chance to show how great and capable they really are, are just those people who have never bothered to lay the essential foundations of capability and greatness.

For most people fail, not as they suppose through lack of great occasions on which to show their real worth, but because they do not treat the trivial and minute and apparently unimportant occasions as opportunities for demonstrating their trustworthiness, their integrity and their ability.

"He who is faithful in little things . . ."—do you remember that? It is as true to-day as it ever was. It is not the great occasion that tests a man. Anyone can be relied on to do his duty when the eyes of the world are on him, when the crowds are lining the streets and the bands are playing. The real test is what happens when no one is looking on—when it is as easy to shirk as to work, as safe to slack as to sweat and toil.

We reap what we have sown—and those who sow wisely reap well. The seeds of success, of opportunity, of advancement are just those quiet qualities that keep a man "sticking it," when his only satisfaction is the knowledge that he has done his best.



LIVELY *to-day* ... he may be LISTLESS *to-morrow*

Only dogs with pure blood can stand SUMMER HEAT

Because your dog's skin is non-porous, and prevents him perspiring, his blood overheats on every warm day. He will come to no harm if you keep his blood pure with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, but if you neglect him now, this overheating will undermine his health and ruin his coat, which soon becomes loose and ragged.

Bob Martin.

YOU can't prevent your dog overheating on hot days, but you **can** prevent it making him wretched—you **can** prevent these sudden "ups and downs" of health which summer heat produces in a dog who is not conditioned. All you have to do is to keep your dogs blood **pure** by providing him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, for overheating is not dangerous when the blood is pure.

But when **impure** blood overheats, the impurities develop rapidly and make the stomach sour and the liver sluggish. That is why neglected dogs are always **in and out of health**—"up one day and down the next."

This summer, spare your dog these "hot weather miseries"; help him to be the healthy, joyful companion he wishes to be. Provide him **regularly** with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which purify and refresh the blood and tone up the whole system.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders prevent and cure all ailments due to poor blood condition, such as **listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite excessive scratching, loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes.**

A FREE SAMPLE PACKET (full 6d. size) of Bob Martin's Condition Powders may be had on application, stating breed and age of dog, to Bob Martin Ltd., 43 Union Street, Southport.

1/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders, from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Eng.

POROUS SKIN. This reproduction of a photo-micrograph (much simplified) clearly shows the ducts by which sweat quickly passes out from the glands to the surface.

The NON-POROUS SKIN OF DOGS. In this there are no ducts, and your dog cannot perspire. As the day becomes hotter his blood increases in temperature. Pure blood is the "secret" of a dog's fitness, and if your dog was free to roam the countryside he would keep his blood pure by taking Nature's blood correctives which abound among certain wild grasses and herbage. Now he depends on you to make good his loss by providing him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

BOB MARTIN'S *Condition* Powders

(TASTELESS)

KEEP DOGS HEALTHY—ALWAYS

EADE'S PILLS relieve your RHEUMATISM or give your MONEY BACK

RELIEF! Or we bear the cost of the treatment! If you suffer from rheumatism, rheumatic gout, sciatica, or lumbago, or any such pains, buy a 1/3 or 3/- bottle of Eade's Pills from any chemist to-day. If after you have taken three-quarters of its contents you are not satisfied that they are doing you good, you can return the bottle with its remaining contents and original wrapper to George Eade, Ltd. (Dept. 8K), 232, Goswell Road, London, E.C.1 and — **YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.** (This offer will remain open for one month). Eade's Pills are the most famous remedy for rheumatism in the world. They have 87 years' reputation in every country and clime, and their thousands of testimonials are the wonder and envy of the medical fraternity.

87 YEARS' REPUTATION. 1/3 and 3/- a bottle from all chemists. Refuse all substitutes

Take Eade's Pills in SUMMER WEATHER

Enjoy the summer to the full! Rheumaticky conditions that may spoil all your enjoyment are often brought about by sultry weather and the interruption of your regular habits by holidays. Eade's Pills taken regularly in hot weather will keep you perfectly fit. Thousands regard Eade's Pills as their summer safeguard.

FREE Booklet on the treatment and diet for rheumatism, also free sample of Eade's Anodyne, which is most useful when used in conjunction with Eade's Pills. All post free on application to above address.

Blisters Covered Son from Heel to Head Healed by Cuticura

"My small son was covered from heel to head with watery blisters which ultimately developed into itchy, painful, sore eruptions. The eruptions on his head were an inch across, and his hair came out in patches. His eyes and ears were in a deplorable condition, and we were at our wits' end. It was impossible for the child to obtain any rest night or day.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. I noticed they stopped the itching, and he got refreshing sleep. We purchased more and in about three months he was healed." (Signed) Mrs. E. King, 13, Fairfield Terr., Keynsham, Som., Eng.

Clear the pores of impurities by daily use of Cuticura Soap, with touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed to soothe and heal. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant and refreshing, an ideal toilet powder for every member of the family.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

Pain after Eating

ACIDITY, GASTRITIS & INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077.

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. A trial will convince you that this is positively the world's best remedy for Indigestion.

Price 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets).

Privately packed and post free from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 108), 42, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

A FREE BOOKLET.

Every reader should write for a copy of an interesting free booklet which explains how PHILLIPS' YEAST alleviates Headaches, Indigestion and Nervous Depression; strengthens the system, braces up the nerves, and increases the energy and vitality of the body. Simply send a p.c. to Phillips' Yeast Products, Ltd. (Dept. 57), Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to MR. CLAUD MULLINS

Your WORK is better than Your BOOK

YOUR WORSHIP,—So you, too, have told us how to get married, and when to get divorced. You call it "Marriage, Children and God."

Although you are more qualified than most because, as a stipendiary magistrate, your views are tolerant and humane, I hope you will not join the large army of those people who are always publishing books giving advice about other people's married troubles.

I remember one man who, not many years ago, wrote a book advising people on married happiness. He did it several times in several volumes. Then, one day, I saw his name in the Divorce List!

Well, your Worship, you should know something about married unhappiness and its causes.

Soon after you became a stipendiary in North London two years ago you started to set aside Friday afternoons for a "court of domestic relations." You tried to settle man-and-wife disputes in the semi-privacy of a crimeless court.

So many police court magistrates are so "official," so cold and rigid, that your attempt to understand the beginning of these problems should be a lesson to almost all the rest.

But parts of your book are not on a level with your practical work as a magistrate. You say in it, for instance, that the law should not countenance divorce for any cause until a marriage has lasted seven years, and that you can see no reason why our law should allow more than one divorce.

That, no doubt, is because sometimes you have been challenged to find a panacea. No one can find that except by changing the entire system.

Talk about how long a man ought to endure marriage before he ends it—if he is rich enough—or how many times he ought to be allowed to marry, or unmarry, is all beside the point.

* * *

Most of the cases with which you deal are cases in which people, not being able to afford divorce, quarrel, fight, break furniture or something, and then appeal to you.

Harry Randall used to sing about how his father was a street-corner preacher and his mother went to prize-fights, and then went on:

"One Saturday night, they came to very high words,
And into the police court they strayed.
The magistrate fined my Mamma forty shillings—
And poor Pa paid."

Until magistrates of your type came along, payment of a fine, which merely impoverished the poor family and made things worse, was the only remedy that silly beaks could think of.

You soon saw the stupidity of all that.

Your work on the Bench will do much to upset what was really a worse offence on the part of a magistrate than any committed by an unfortunate victim of the system.

For magistrates like you, your Worship, are now beginning to understand that most marital disputes are caused by poverty and by the cruel system in which millions and millions of people live. If you married them twenty times, compulsorily, or you divorced them every six months, they would still be living in degrading circumstances which would make quarrels almost inevitable.

Many people who come before you live in slums. It would not matter nearly so much how many children they had, if they had decent homes in which to bring them up. Living as they do, in sordid surroundings, they often drink too much—and then the trouble starts.

If they were richer, and it had been cocktails instead of beer, and a night club instead of a crowded kitchen, they would have gone to the Divorce Court instead of to you. And nobody would have cared.

* * *

I look, with some impatience, through the pages of your book. Now and then you insist on the Church's duty. You demand that parsons should be franker and should spread knowledge. But all that, I think, is beside the point.

Your bold words at the Mansion House, when you indicted imprisonment for debt, were more important than all the books

You had gone round Brixton Prison, you said, and been shocked to see whole corridors of cells labelled with the word "Debtor." Many of them were merely unfortunate people who had quarrelled with their wives, had maintenance orders made against them, and then been imprisoned, because they had no work to do.

"The law under which these men reach jail is wrong," you said.

So strange was the law that magistrates could imprison for debt "if they see fit." There is no test at all provided.

"We can do it, legally speaking," you added boldly and frankly, "if we do not like the colour of a man's hair, or if we do not like the way he speaks to us. No evidence of means is required, so that we can send to prison a man who is bankrupt, or if he is unemployed."

* * *

Because of Charles Dickens, we have boasted for years that imprisonment for debt was abolished years ago.

It is not true.

J. R. Clynes, when Home Secretary, protested. Now you have protested.

Go on with this great campaign. Yes, and join the legion of the people who are trying to abolish the slums—and to abolish poverty.

When those are removed, marriage will have a better chance. It does not depend on the Churches. The Churches do nothing to abolish slums. And the Churches seem indifferent to the crime of poverty.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. F. A. MACQUISTEN, K.C., M.P. *for Argyll*

DEAR SIR,—The huge reserves of co-operative societies, you say, are bound to be an undesirable temptation to those who administer them.

This is an unjustifiable insinuation, for you have ignored the challenge to repeat in public the grave charges you have made against the "co-ops." in Parliament.

The sooner you withdraw your aspersions or allow them to be contested in court the sooner you will gain the respect of JOHN BULL.

Capt. CECIL HENRY HAMES, *Hove, Sussex*

OFFICER AND GENTLEMAN!—I hope I shall never hear of a worse act of cold-blooded cruelty than that which has just cost you a fine of £5.

When you offered a penny to two little boys to let your dog fight their kitten, they proved more manly than you and refused. But the kitten escaped from their arms, and you egged on the dog to bite it to death.

"Disgusting," said the Mayor of Hove. Yes, and I think it disgusting that he didn't sent you to jail. JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES MAXTON, M.P., *London, S.W.1*

DEAR MR. MAXTON,—Even your political opponents must admire your work in Parliament as a critic, and once more your vigilance has been well rewarded.

You questioned the Colonial Secretary about the public flogging of a man in Northern Nigeria for alleged delay in paying a tax. Result: No native court will be allowed in future to impose such punishment, and the court concerned is being reconstituted.

Most Parliamentary questions are just time-wasters, and we could do with many more of your sort.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHNOWEN, *Tregarth, Cornwall*

DEAR OWEN,—You saw a farm worker lying desperately injured and being gored by an infuriated bull.

Dashing to the rescue with a stick, you actually leaped on the bull's back, seized the rope of its nose ring and forced it down to the ground, thus saving the man's life.

The best compliment I can pay you is to say that you are true Cornish through and through.

JOHN BULL.

Miss B. A. BICKNELL, *London, W.C.2*

DEAR MADAM,—The many varieties of fussy State officials who invade our homes and thrust their disapproving noses into our private affairs amply deserve your ridicule.

I have long opposed the growing interference of the official Paul Pry and Aunt Euphemia, and I welcome your support.

You think it will soon be a problem how to maintain the rights of parents against the State. It will—unless we make a stand now. JOHN BULL.

Mr. LESLIE WEATHERILL, *South Bank, Middlesbrough*

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to see you have landed in the Bankruptcy Court, for your deficit would have been a surplus had your customers paid their debts.

I add admiration to sympathy on learning that your wife claimed none of the household furniture. She was the first wife of a debtor before the court who had not made such a claim for many years.

I wish you both better luck, as I am sure your creditors do.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. TERENCE FOX, *Tooting, London, S.W.*

DEAR TERENCE,—At the age of twenty-one you have won all four prizes in the Mechanical Sciences Tripos at Cambridge. That is a triumph any youth might be justly proud of, but your career makes it doubly remarkable.

For you were left fatherless when still a baby, and your mother had no money to educate you. At fourteen you had to choose between taking any sort of job offered you or continuing your studies by winning scholarships.

You chose wisely, and I hope you will gain further distinctions in your future work. JOHN BULL.

Rev. S. B. WILLIAMS, Llandyssul: Though you failed, I'm glad you opposed the raising of fishing licences locally because it would make angling a rich man's sport. Stick at it till you win!—JOHN BULL.

Inspector W. H. TAYLOR, *Tees Port Sanitary Committee*

DEAR SIR,—Having reported on the insanitary ships you have inspected, you regretfully point out that the committee can do nothing in the matter.

That is a disgusting business.

One of the committee's duties is to prevent contagious diseases, and if it has no means of punishing owners of habitually dirty ships which are a menace to the health of every port, it should be given those powers at once.

JOHN BULL.

Miss ELLEN B. HOLMES, *Swanwick, Derbyshire*

DEAR MISS HOLMES,—Presumably you have finished with Mr. Samuel Walker, who has courted you for two or three years. You went cycling with him recently, but as you are a beginner you had to dismount and walk up hills. This so enraged him that he knocked you unconscious.

He was lucky in having to pay a fine of only £5, but you are infinitely luckier to escape marriage to a brute.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. JOHN BUCKMASTER, *St. Andrew's Church, Wigan*

DEAR VICAR,—You have given up your own summer holiday in order to provide funds for a week's hiking holiday for twelve unemployed men.

This is as good an example of "practical Christianity" as I can imagine, and I am sure that even those who don't go to church will echo my congratulations and thanks.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. HUMPHRIES, *Barnsley, Yorkshire*

DEAR SIR,—You are another of those magistrates who think it an affront to your court if a woman enters the witness-box without a hat.

So you recently made a woman who had never worn a hat in her life borrow one before allowing her to give evidence.

Now, would you expect a little girl to wear a hat in court? Or a girl of sixteen? Or just where do you draw the line? JOHN BULL.

The GREATEST OFFER ever made

ALL-BRITISH CLOTHING

TWEED COAT only 235 2d packets

BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from sturdy North of England Tweed. Lounge jacket cut in new Spring Style. Three buttons on cuffs. Very attractive heather pattern. Chest measurements: 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 42. Take measurement *over* waistcoat.

PULLOVER only 45 2d packets

A WARM, LIGHT AND SNUG-FITTING GARMENT from a famous Leicestershire firm. Made only by British labour. V neck—no sleeves. In grey, blue, fawn, maroon, and the new fashionable green.

grey FLANNELS only 125 2d packets

BRITISH-MADE solely by British labour from a specially fine, hard-wearing All-British flannel of good mid-grey shade. Latest style, full-cut, belt loops and buttons, two sidepockets. Sizes: Legs, 28 to 33 inclusive; Waists, 30 to 40 (even numbers). When ordering please state waist and inside leg measurement required.

ALL *THREE* GARMENTS for 375 2d packet fronts

IT WON'T TAKE TEN YEARS to get the unemployed back to work if you take advantage of this stupendous offer.

SPORTS SHIRT

with collar attached

Soft, hard-wearing and absorbent. Ideal for all games and outdoor pastimes. Open neck style in cream shade. Sizes: Men's, Small Men's and O.S.

100 2d. packet fronts

SOCK OFFER STILL AVAILABLE

2 pairs for 50 2d. packet fronts. Full-length, all-wool socks. British made with very comfortable but long-wearing ribbed knit. Black, Navy, Army Grey, or Heather. Sizes: 10in., 10½in., or 11in.

B.D.V

SPORTS CIGARETTES

5 for 2d

NOW ALSO IN CARTONS 10 for 4d.

(Each 4d. Carton contains 2 packet fronts.)

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LTD., PROPRIETORS

The little man who is big enough to defy Hitler—Dr. Dollfuss here stands behind Prince Von Strahremberg, leader of the Austrian Heimwehr

Goliath HITLER meets his DAVID

by A. G. GARDINER

NO one present at the Economic Conference has attracted more notice than Dr. Dollfuss, the pocket Napoleon of Austria. Even the most pacific of us has a sneaking love for a first-class fighting man, and although he stands less than five feet in his stockings Dr. Dollfuss is certainly that. He has taken off his gloves to Herr Hitler with the confidence of a heavy-weight champion, and whatever the issue of the struggle he has the sympathies of the world with him.

Herr Hitler must feel very much as Goliath of Gath felt when the young David came out with pebble and sling to give him battle.

He must be insulted by the insolence of the challenge and perplexed at the difficulty of coming to grips with a foe whom he could put in his pocket, but whom he cannot get at, and who has some uncommonly sharp pebbles in his girdle and a gift for slinging them very straight and very hard.

Centuries of war

It is not merely the personal aspects of the quarrel that make it interesting. Much more than the fate of Dr. Dollfuss is in the balance. The future of Austria is at stake, and with the future of Austria is involved the whole problem of Central Europe.

What the issue of the conflict will be I cannot pretend to forecast, but it will be useful to consider what the row is about and what victory on one side or the other imports.

It is no new thing for Berlin and Vienna to be at war. They have been at war—militarily or spiritually—more or less for two centuries, ever since Frederick the Great made Prussia formidable and challenged Austria's hegemony of Central Europe and the Germanic peoples.

The work that Frederick began Bismarck completed. His unprovoked war on Austria in 1866 was waged to establish Prussia's lordship over the German-speaking races, and from that time Austria played second fiddle to Berlin.

There has never been any love lost between the two peoples. Their speech is the same, but their temperament is widely different. The Prussians are harsh and domineering; the Austrians, like their neighbours, the Bavarians, are a kindly and artistic people with a long tradition of culture and civilisation.

The old Austro-Hungarian Empire was obedient to Berlin, not because it loved the Prussians, but because Germany gave it protection against Russia on the one hand and France on the other.

The war ended all that. Germany and Austria emerged from it defeated and shattered, and the Austrian Empire ceased to exist. It was broken into fragments. Part went to create Yugo-Slavia, part to create Czecho-Slovakia, part to aggrandise Italy, part to create the separate state of Hungary.

The city of Vienna, the third most important city in Europe, which had been the capital of a great Empire, was left the capital only of the little state of Austria. It was a cruel wrong—the greatest wrong done by the Peace. It was as though London had suddenly ceased to be the capital of an Empire and had become the capital of the home counties or the South of England.

But this was not all. Austria was not only dismembered and surrounded by hostile tariff walls. It was forbidden to link itself up politically or commercially with the only country whose language it spoke and whose markets offered it a means of existence.

It wanted union with Germany, not because it loved Berlin, but because it needed Germany. And Germany, having lost much of its territory, was no less anxious to have a union with Austria. Nothing stood in the way of that natural union except the opposition of France, which objected to anything calculated to strengthen Germany.

That was the position when Hitler, who is himself an Austrian, succeeded with his Nazis in overthrowing the German constitution and establishing himself as Dictator of Germany. It is one of the strangest ironies of history that the Austrian artisan should become the idol of Berlin and the master not only of Prussia, but of all Germany.

Dollfuss says "No"

He naturally assumed that, with this marvellous triumph to his credit, he had only to whistle to his native Austria and it would come to heel. And probably it would have come to heel but for his insolent and despotic action.

He was not content to leave events to take their course. He proceeded, through his Nazis, to organise a revolution in Austria on the lines of the revolution in Germany. He could not, of course, have a political union with Austria without the consent of the Powers, but he calculated that if his Brown Shirts overturned the Austrian Government within he could govern Austria from without.

But in this he reckoned without the diminutive but indomitable Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor. He wants a proper union with a responsible Germany, but he has no intention of being gobbled up by the Nazis and handed over as a sort of feudatory state to Hitler.

And so when Dr. Franck, the Nazi Commissioner in Bavaria, went into Austria to promote the Nazi cause there Dollfuss promptly ordered him to clear out.

Hitler was shocked at his own agent being treated in this curt and summary fashion, and decided to punish Dollfuss for his audacity. He put a thousand-mark tax on German visitors to the Austrian Tyrol, hoping that by destroying the tourist travel in Austria he could compel Dollfuss to surrender.

Not a bit of it. Dollfuss retaliated by putting an embargo on German trade. He bustled off to Italy and made friends with Mussolini and the Pope. The Austrian Nazis thereupon organised a policy of terrorism, subsidised and led from Germany.

Big bang coming?

Dollfuss again hit back. He made war on the Nazis in Austria with the same ruthless methods that the Nazis had employed against Jews and Catholics and pacifists in Germany. He arrested their leaders, closed their clubs and routed them out of their holes.

Hitler replied by arresting Dr. Wasserbäck, the Austrian Press attaché in Berlin, and expelling him from Germany. Dollfuss snapped his fingers at Hitler and appointed Wasserbäck to the Austrian embassy in London.

And so the struggle rages to and fro. It is war to the death between Hitler and Dollfuss and neither is giving nor asking quarter.

How it will end it is impossible to say. The Nazis are strong in Austria, but the brutalities of the Nazi régime in Germany have frightened the Social Democrats in Austria into tolerance of the Christian Social-Heimwehr coalition which Dollfuss leads. The Socialists dislike Dollfuss but they fear the Nazis still more.

Meanwhile the latter have won the student class and are making headway among the peasants. Anything may happen.

If Hitler wins he will be master of Austria as well as of Germany, and a new peril will be added to the European situation. If Dollfuss wins, the breach with Germany will be complete, and Austria, isolated, will have to seek friends in other quarters—perhaps in the direction of that Danubian block which France has always favoured.

In any case, the situation is full of danger and can hardly be resolved without an explosion.

Not from the B.B.C.—Colonel Alfred Porcelli (retired) on

Girls I've Left Behind Me

THEY call me the Colonel,
The Colonel they call me;
In leading the vanguard
No man can forestall me!
If charges are needed,
By gad, sir! I'm there, sir!
Consider the charges
I've brought 'gainst the fair, sir!

The ladies, God bless 'em!
God bless 'em, the ladies!
But as for the hussies,
I'd send them to Hades!
Their garb and deportment
Distress me and grieve me;
The facts are so raw that
You'd scarcely believe me!

I'd never yet witnessed—
By gad, sir! I'd never—
Such things as I saw when
I—er—I——however!
They pain me and shock me!
They shock and appal me!
And when I protest, sir,
A killjoy they call me!

Although as a warrior (retired, but not unduly retiring) I am more at home with the sword than the pen, I felt moved to write to the Press anent the females I have lately seen—however much I've striven to keep "eyes right"—at Brighton and Hove.

In my despatch I entered "a sad but earnest protest against the growth of immodesty and the lack of feminine shamefacedness" on the front and beaches, "especially in warm weather."

The weather, believe me, was deucedly warm! But the most hardened Anglo-Indian colonel, whatever his taste in curry, would have found that beach parade a bit too sultry!

These seaside hussies have no conception of seemly hot weather attire, and it is high time that the authorities insisted that all young females on the beaches shall be decently equipped with tussah silk heat cloak, sun veil, pith helmet and tropical umbrella.

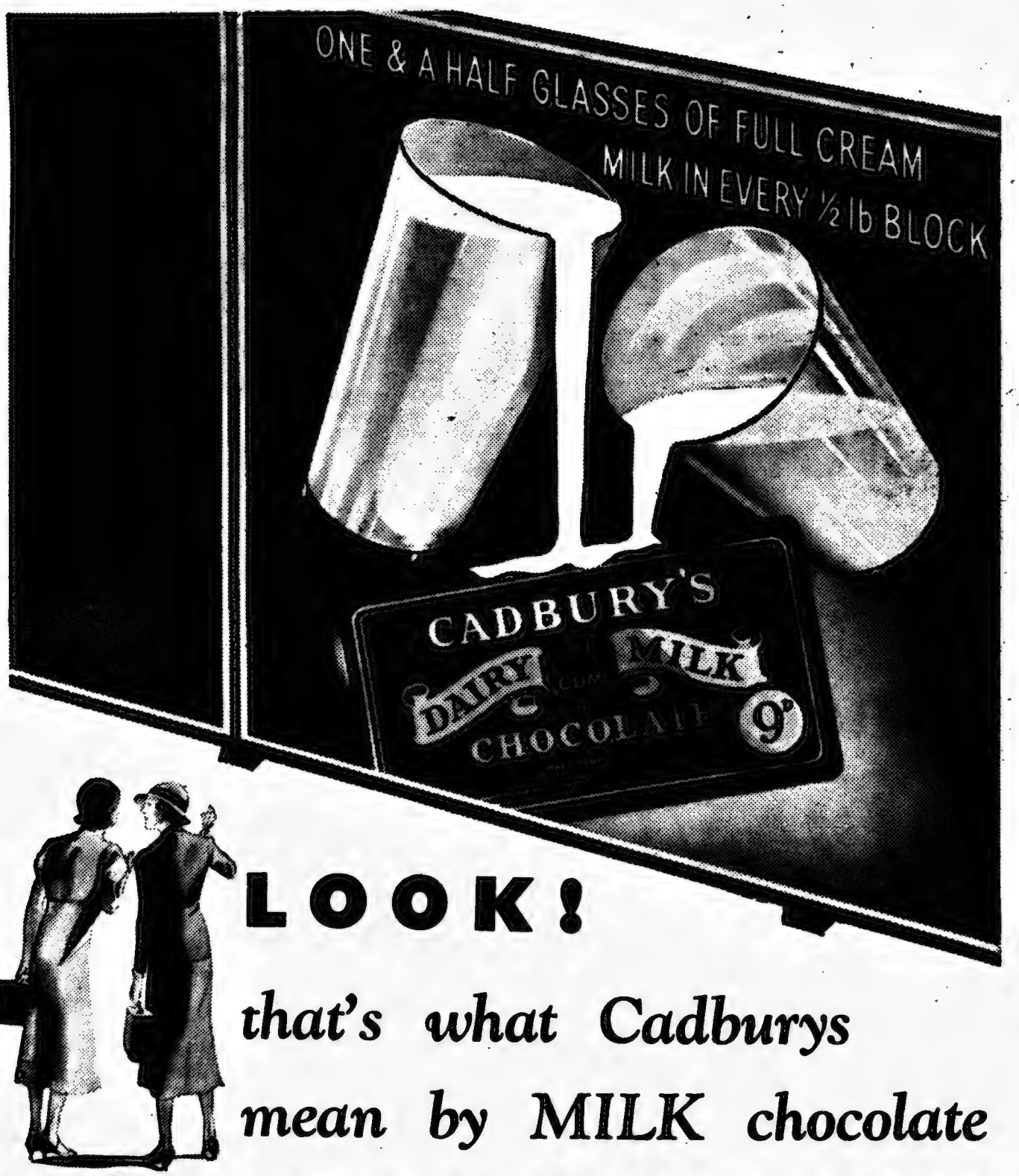
Instead of dressing like the retired mem sahibs who abound in Hove, they model themselves on Gandhi. In fact, Gandhi would hesitate to display his figure in the brazen manner of some of these so-called beach belles.

Belles, indeed! I'd like to ring 'em, sir! Yes, sir, I'd wring their necks, sir! For not only do I suffer from heat spots before the eyes when I observe (most unwillingly observe) what they leave off, but I am even more disgusted with what they put on.

Let me tell you that I have not told you the worst! For, while lack of decorum is bad enough, when it comes to disregard of discipline—well, damme, sir——! I mean to say—er—!!!

I've told of sights that made me wince;
At shocking facts I hinted,
When to the Press I wrote; but since
My philippic was printed,
I've felt the need of stronger words!
Immodest garb and hectic
Behaviour hurt me to the core,
But disobedience hurts me more—
It leaves me apoplectic!

Accustomed to command, I thought
I would but have to mention
These things for changes to be wrought;
But not the least attention
The hussies to my strictures pay!
With impudence infernal,
They keep on doing it, by gad!
As if, sir, they had never had
Their orders from the Colonel!



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CADBURYS

MILK BLOCKS

½ lb. BLOCKS 9d.
¼ lb. BLOCKS 4½d. 2 oz. BLOCKS 2½d.

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WE DELIVER this magnificent machine Carriage Paid for 5/2 with order and 14 payments of 5/2 per month. No extras. Approval allowed for riding test.

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A Revolution in Shaving

Free offer to "John Bull" readers.

A few years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. It is the most up-to-date method of shaving. No Soap—No Brush, simply wet the beard with water, smear a little "SHAVEX" lightly, and enjoy the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had. "SHAVEX" is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- and 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots. For Free Sample Tube, simply cut out and post coupon below!

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX

Cut out this coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

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JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 24/6/33

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 24/6/33

A STIFLING hot day. Black clouds gathering and an ominous rumble of thunder. A jagged fork of lightning. The storm breaks in all its fury . . . and a house is struck.

Is your home covered against this menace? No place is immune. *In addition* to safeguarding your home from many other dangers, JOHN BULL pays up to £300 should lightning damage your precious possessions, or up to £10 should lightning play havoc with your wireless apparatus, including aerials and supports.

"PROMPT & GENEROUS."

Promptness and generosity characterise all payments made under our Great Free Family Insurance. A Monmouth reader writes:

"Thanks for your prompt and most generous cheque for Lightning Damage. It was a great surprise, as I hardly expected to receive so much."

The Registration Forms are below—don't risk being sorry that you neglected to sign them—sign them now.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION.

Registered readers of JOHN BULL will continue to be covered by this, the greatest of all Free Family Insurance, while holiday-making anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland and the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man for a period of fourteen days.

The only condition is that in the event of a claim arising they will be required to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and that before leaving home they left instructions with their regular newsagent to re-start delivery immediately on their return.

JOHN BULL is the ONLY Paper to cover you against Sickness, and to provide benefits for Fire, Storm, and Flood damage.

Here is a snapshot of Henry Webb. We have put him in a position which he seems to think he occupies—as the commercial king of the motor-roads

Impudent Motor Ramp *Exposed*

by Sir Wyndham Childs

NOT so long ago, it was an axiom of detective work that, however often a commercial cheat might change his name or address, he invariably gave himself away because he did not seem able to change his methods or style of trickery.

That is far from being the case to-day.

In my capacity as Director of JOHN BULL'S Investigation Department I have had special facilities to observe at first hand the versatility of the newer type of business rogue.

It is rare nowadays to find him consistently following one line of country. He exploits one branch of commerce or industry for a period and reappears at brief intervals in a succession of completely different enterprises in each of which he reveals equal skill and daring.

A prince

But the modern business swindlers share one characteristic. When they move from one field to another they do so in defined and recognisable groups.

Lately, I have noticed an influx of them to the motor-car distributing trade, which, at the moment, is beset with some of the cleverest and most audacious sharpers whose names and records are in my files.

Prince of them all is an individual named Henry Webb, who, from sumptuously equipped offices in Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, has lately been conducting a dubious organisation named the Waterloo Motor Company.

This concern represents itself to be a firm of omnibus and motor-coach proprietors, but it is in reality nothing more than a name without an asset or even a principal who can be brought to account.

The utter worthlessness and crookedness of this so-called company, operating from pretentious headquarters in the heart of the West End of London, will be apparent from the information I have collected regarding its most recent imposture.

An important firm of oil distributors in Essex was approached by a suave and assertive person who gave his name as Mr. W. Butler and stated that he was a partner in the Waterloo Motor Company, which dealt on a large scale in the supply of all kinds of commercial vehicles and motor-cars.

Mr. Butler said he understood that the Essex firm wished to augment its existing fleet of large oil-carrying tank wagons.

His information was correct.

Bargains

The Waterloo Company had a number of these wagons for immediate disposal at bargain prices.

Representatives of the prospective buyers were taken by Butler to a depôt at Fulham and there had exhibited to them two sets of chassis with tank attachments upon six-wheeler trailers.

These, it was stated, were the property of the Waterloo Motor Company and they were offered for a quick cash payment of £600. The money was paid over and arrangements were made for delivery.

The buyers were amazed when delivery did take place. They found themselves supplied with what might have been a part of one of the vehicles assembled with a piece of the other, and the second was a nondescript useless thing.

One of the vehicles had broken down so often on its journey to the buyers that eight hours were required to cover as many miles.

Proceedings were begun immediately to recover the £600 deposit and strange discoveries were then made.

In jail!

It was found, for instance, that in the registration of the Waterloo Motor Company there was no mention of the partner, Mr. Butler, who had carried out the transaction. The name of the proprietor was given as Silver.

And after the writ was served at the company's offices, it was acknowledged by Silver—*from prison*.

Let me dismiss Silver from the story. Not long before, he had been found down and out at Brighton by the man calling himself Butler, who had offered to succour him and provide him with funds if he allowed his name to be used as the proprietor of the Waterloo Motor Company and to sign the registration documents.

Beyond this he had nothing to do with the company, and knew nothing about its shady transactions.

No defence was entered against the writ and judgment went against the Waterloo Motor Company by default.

Butler reappeared He was alarmed by the discovery of his deception and, foreseeing the possible consequences, he made desperate efforts to have the judgment set aside.

The judge consented to this course provided £300 was paid into court pending the trial.

The order for the payment of this amount effectively called Butler's bluff and proved that he was shamming innocence as a device to delay the proceedings and deceive the court. Not a farthing was forthcoming.

Bailiffs then took possession of the company's elegant premises off Pall Mall. They could realise nothing. All the splendid furnishings were declared to belong to other people and the company did not possess even a stick of furniture or a penny piece.

Who is he?

Butler's signature to a cheque, it was found, was not even accepted by the bank supposed to hold the company's account. A cheque for £200 which he had signed was returned unhonoured.

Who is Mr. W. Butler?

I am able to reveal him as none other than the notorious Henry Webb, an adventurer in finance and all kinds of hollow business ventures, from hire-purchase contracting to magneto manufacturing, by which the public has been outrageously swindled for years.

Often his activities have been made known to the Director of Public Prosecutions, but always, by his dexterity, he had eluded the law.

His common device has been, as happened in this case with Silver, to shield himself behind poor wretches who come into his toils.

On a number of occasions these dummies have appeared in court charged with obtaining money by fraud. Each time their innocence has been proved and the judge has had to denounce and ask the identity of the mysterious and sinister person in the background who had used them as cat's-paws in his mission of plunder.

Bankrupt, too

Always the answer has been—Henry Webb. But he has never been brought to justice, although his toll of victims mounts ever higher.

Complaints are legion against the score of different kinds of companies which Webb has conducted and which have robbed the public and traders of tens of thousands of pounds. Upon the proceeds of his varied swindles Webb has lived at the height of luxury, paying no one and showing always complete and callous unconcern for the consequences upon others.

He is, as might be expected, a professional bankrupt with at least three failures, one for not less than £18,000.

In the course of my enquiries into Webb's latest performances, I have discovered other strange affairs relating to the infamous Waterloo Company.

I do hope that the Public Prosecutor will keep watch upon this wretched concern.

YOUR SHAKESPEARE

Already thousands of readers have completed their qualifications for their copies of the Complete Works of William Shakespeare, the magnificent Presentation Volume recently offered by JOHN BULL.

An interesting feature of these applications is the widespread demand for the magnificent De Luxe Edition. In fact, so many requests for this luxuriously bound volume have been received that JOHN BULL has found it necessary to make special publishing arrangements for large additional supplies.

These extra supplies of the De Luxe Edition enable JOHN BULL to make yet another great concession to its readers. If you have reserved your copy in the ordinary edition but your presentation voucher has not yet been sent in, there is still time for you to alter your decision and to secure the beautiful De Luxe binding.

Make sure of your copy of Shakespeare's works in this unparalleled edition. Indicate De Luxe Edition on your presentation voucher NOW!

Fade-Out SHARE-TOUT

SHAREHOLDERS in various famous companies were recently favoured with offers of further parcels of shares at decidedly attractive prices.

These offers emanated from the office of an alleged stockbroking firm called Blair, Murison and Co., of Chancery Lane, London.

Quite a lot of people have risen to this bait and have forwarded remittances. But they have never received the promised parcels of shares. They cannot even get replies to their letters, because the firm of Blair, Murison and Co. has closed its offices and faded out of existence.

Enquiry shows that this supposed stockbroking organisation is nothing more than a cloak for a persistent trickster named J. H. Murison.

He obtained temporary office accommodation in Chancery Lane only for the purpose of staging this rapid share swindle.

That he is an adept at working schemes of this sort will be apparent when we say that he was previously concerned with a similar venture, which he controlled from an office in Northumberland Avenue, London.

But he was then trading in the high-sounding name of Spencer, Treadway and Co.

Investors should be very chary about seemingly philanthropic share offers which may be made by firms which are unknown to them.

Mrs. Stacey as she was— 14st. 1lb.

Above is a snap-shot of Mrs. Stacey before she commenced taking "SILF"—she weighed over 14 stone!

LOST 4 st. 9 lbs.

General Health Also Improved

LONDON LADY'S WONDERFUL TRIBUTE TO

WAS 14st. 1 lb. **'SILF'** **NOW 9st. 6 lbs.**

Brand Obesity Tablets.

No Dangerous Dieting, Drugging, Purging or Violent Exercises

Mrs. Stacey TO-DAY —9 st. 6 lbs.

THE story of how "SILF" freed Mrs. Stacey, of Greenford, Middlesex, from no less than 4 stone 9 lbs. of superfluous Fat once again emphasises the outstanding value of this Natural and SAFE remedy for Obesity. Once again, too, does it show how absolutely unnecessary it is to resort to Dangerous "Starving," Drugging, Purging or Violent Exercises to achieve Slimness! These practices are harmful and can only result in ruined health. But "SILF" ***reduces*** your weight and ***rebuilds*** your health. As surely as it dissolves excessive fatty tissue so does it revive and restore the fat-weakened system to its former perfect healthiness.

Mrs. Stacey's Weight Cards.

The step-by-step story of Mrs. Stacey's restoration to slimness is shown by these copies of her weight cards from the local chemists where she was periodically weighed. Note the steady and sure way in which "SILF" banished her surplus fat.

WEIGHT

Name Mrs. Stacey—

Date	Weight St.	lbs.	ozs.	Date	Weight St.	lbs.	ozs.
6·4·32	14	1	0	23·6·32	12	2	4
10·5·32	13	8	8	30·6·32	11	13	6
17·5·32	13	2	2	7·7·32	11	12	12
25·5·32	13	0	12	11·7·32	11	8	8
31·5·32	12	11	8	19·7·32	11	3	14
6·6·32	12	8	10	29·7·32	11	0	11
13·6·32	12	4	14	16·8·32	10	8	8

Wise Women keep slim with SILF (Brand) Obesity Tablets

WEIGHT

Name Mrs. Stacey—

Date	Weight St.	lbs.	ozs.	Date	Weight St.	lbs.	ozs.
23·8·32	10	7	12	19·4·33	9	6	8
21·9·32	9	13	4				
28·9·32	9	12	5				
4·10·32	9	12	1				
10·10·32	9	10	0				
26·10·32	9	9	0				
14·11·32	9	8	13				

Wise Women keep slim with SILF (Brand) Obesity Tablets

Mrs. Stacey's tribute is but one of many. One lady the other day wrote to say how she had got rid of no less than 6 stone by means of "SILF," and without any alteration in her diet.

These are admittedly extreme cases, but do they not show that whether you are just a *few pounds* too heavy or are burdened with many STONES of excess fat—"SILF" is *your* safe and certain remedy?

MONEY BACK OFFER

WE invite any stout person to purchase a 1/3 Box of Silf (Brand) Obesity Tablets from the nearest Chemist, and if not satisfied that Silf will prove beneficial your money will be refunded by the Silf Co., Ltd., of 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, under the terms of the undertaking enclosed in every packet.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

Mrs. Stacey's Wonderful Letter

Greenford, Middlesex.

Dear Sirs,

My experience of "Silf" has been such a happy and satisfactory one that I feel I must let you know just what your well-known flesh reducer has done for me.

It would be about 5 years ago when I started to put on weight.

4 Stones Increase

At that time I scaled about 10 st., but increased rapidly until I reached 14 st.—a most worrying matter to a woman of my age.

I had to give up dancing and swimming, of which I was very fond, because I had not the spirit or energy to enjoy them.

Giddiness and Faintness

I could not go up even one flight of stairs without resting, and got tired and distressed at the slightest exertion. I also had frequent attacks of giddiness and faintness. I dared not stand on a chair, or a rung or so of a step-ladder. My heart was always palpitating violently and my digestion grew weak.

52 ins. Round Hips

In my fattest period I was 52 in. round the hips, but now I am only 40in.—and whereas I then took a 38 in. waist corset, I now only need a 28 in. one.

The photos I enclose will show you just how ungainly and heavy I looked and what a marvellous change "Silf" has brought about.

Perpetual Cramp

One very noticeable feature was the perpetual cramp I experienced.

Everyone worried about me, for I looked unhappy and felt awful.

Your "Silf" announcements greatly interested me, and I read them carefully. Though all my other efforts to reduce had failed, I thought here was what I wanted—so I went to my local Chemist and bought my first supply.

Within a week a little weight had gone, so I followed the treatment, and at intervals I was weighed on the Chemist's machine. Here are the cards.

Down to 9 st. 6 lbs.

You can well imagine my joy when the improvement continued and by November 14th, 1932, I had got down to 9 st. 8 lbs. 13 ozs. The effect has been lasting—on April 19th, 1933—5 months later—I was weighed again. The weight card tells its own story—I was 9st. 6lbs. 8 ozs.

It is good to tell you how much better I feel in every way.

My general health has improved; my weakness, faintness, heart palpitations, etc., have vanished.

Friends Marvel!

My friends marvel at the splendid change. They thought I should be fat for life, but now they know different, for I have told them that "Silf" alone has reduced my fatness. It is now a pleasure to live and move about—to indulge once more in swimming, dancing, and walking and to get about my home duties.

You cannot have a more enthusiastic supporter than myself and no one recommends "Silf" more sincerely than I do.

(Sgd.) (Mrs.) MARY STACEY.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Box

From all Chemists and Druggists, or Post Free by sending the price to:—

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ELOPED GIRL: *Atrocious Jail Sequel*

Happy couples dancing at the annual "Furry Dance" in the Cornish town of Helston, where Hazel Allen's romance ended so tragically

FEW elopements can ever have ended so tragically as that of Hazel Allen, an eighteen-year-old girl, whose home is near Helston, Cornwall.

This little town is the scene each year of the romantic "Furry Dance," when young couples waltz through the picturesque streets to light-hearted music.

But it is now the scene of a young couple's shattered romance which has ended with the would-be bride languishing in jail! Hazel Allen has been branded as a criminal in circumstances which should bring forth universal protest.

That she should never have been sent to jail is very certain, but the public, so far, has been left completely in the dark regarding the details of her unmerited conviction.

An appeal

Now her parents and friends are appealing to JOHN BULL to give the true story of what they rightly consider a monstrous injustice.

For Hazel Allen's only offence is that in running away from her home, with the intention of eloping, she took with her three articles of clothing belonging to her brother!

Her search for romance was very short-lived

The parents, anxious for her welfare, informed the police of her disappearance, with the result that the eloping couple got no farther than Plymouth and were promptly brought back.

When they had thus called in the aid of the authorities, the parents' one concern had been to get their daughter home. They never dreamt that it would be necessary for her to be brought before the magistrates or for the circumstances of her proposed elopement to be gone into in court.

Harsh sentence

Imagine their distress, therefore, when the Bench, hearing that Hazel had "stolen" her brother's jacket, pullover and shoes, and had defied parental authority by "running away to get married," ordered her removal to a home for two years!

The young man with whom she had intended to elope was bound over.

Hazel was sent to an institution at Penzance, but after a few weeks was transferred to another at Truro. But all the time she was burning with the injustice of it all and longing to return to her own home.

Then, after several months of captivity, Hazel decided to submit to such unfair treatment no longer. She considered that she had already paid dearly enough for her one foolish little escapade and decided to regain her freedom.

She seized the first opportunity that offered, broke out of the institution and returned at once to her home, where she was joyously received.

At the same time it was realised that she had placed herself in a false position by daring to assert her right to freedom.

The father accordingly notified the authorities that his daughter had returned home and called upon the officials of the institution to see what could be achieved by frank discussion of the facts of this unusual case.

He was referred to the Lady Probationer at Penzance, who informed him that his daughter's case was under consideration and that he would be communicated with later.

But nothing more was heard from this quarter, and the next development was that a police inspector called at the house and asked that Hazel should be brought to the police station to be questioned.

The result was a second appearance before the magistrates, who were presumably scandalised that a girl of eighteen should be so defiant as to prefer her own home to an institution!

Here was a case which clearly called for firm handling! Consider the girl's "terrible" record! She had run away to get married! Monstrous! She had taken some of her brother's clothes! Unpardonable! She had refused to submit to two years' incarceration in an institution for this offence! Disgraceful!

Still, the Bench knew how to deal with hardened, defiant youngsters of her sort. The magistrates told her that she could go to another institution for eighteen months or to jail for six months!

Monstrous alternative

They were not, apparently, impressed by the fact that a sister at the institution from which Hazel had escaped was able to speak up in the girl's favour.

It was said of her that she had given no trouble whatever; that she had performed her allotted duties well; that she was a really good girl. But the magistrates remained unmoved.

Nor did they pay heed to Hazel's own pleas to be permitted to return to her parents.

Nor did they unbend when the police inspector explained that the parents were in court, ready and willing to take their daughter back home with them, as they considered that she had already learnt her lesson.

No: in the face of all this the magistrates chose to salve their consciences by placing the onus of the conviction upon the prisoner!

Eighteen months in an institution or six months in jail! These monstrous alternatives were put to the tearful girl, and those who had spoken up for her could only stand and wait for her decision.

They were not kept long. Hazel told the court that she preferred to go to jail.

We do not know whether the magistrates bargained for this; at any rate, they did not relent. After all—they had given the girl her choice; *their* conscience were clear. They promptly sentenced Hazel to six months in the second division!

So this eighteen-year-old girl, whose offences have been of a most trifling and private nature, must be branded as a criminal just because she very naturally prefers a six months' separation from her family to one of eighteen months!

"If you will bring this scandal to the public notice," writes one Helston reader, "you will earn not only the gratitude of the parents, but also of the large number of your readers in this neighbourhood, as there is strong feeling at the great injustice that has been done."

Heartbroken

The mother is naturally heartbroken, and the unmerited disgrace and suffering that have been caused by the preposterous action of the authorities.

"No time was given for us to get a lawyer to appeal and defend Hazel," she writes, "as everything was done in one day."

A more appalling instance of injustice would be difficult to imagine. We urge the Home Secretary to call for the documents of this astounding case and to take up the matter strongly with those responsible for so grievous a blunder.

And we have no doubt whatever that he will order Hazel Allen to be restored at once to her family circle.

Medical Swindler Sentenced

WHEN Sir Wyndham Childs recently exposed a huge health society swindle that was being run in the name of the Merseyside Medical and Dental Club, of Liverpool, he urged the authorities to take immediate steps to protect the public.

It is, therefore, gratifying to know that this advice was promptly acted upon and that the prime mover in the scheme has been brought to book.

He is Phillip Morris, and he has just been sentenced at Liverpool Quarter Sessions to fifteen months' hard labour on charges of forgery and fraud.

* * *

The story of his arrest is interesting. Official enquiries into his activities began immediately attention was drawn to them in JOHN BULL, and one of the first discoveries was that Morris was "tapping" the main electricity supply to light his club premises!

For this impudent offence he was duly fined, and, meanwhile, investigations were continued by the police, who were soon able to confirm the facts which Sir Wyndham Childs' exposure had revealed.

* * *

Readers will recall that Morris, through his supposed medical club, had imposed upon a number of employee-investors, while members who had contributed to its funds from their savings had been unable to get the promised medical aid when it was needed.

"These were cruel frauds," was the comment made by the Assistant-Recorder of Liverpool, Mr. Fraser Harrison, when sentencing Morris.

Most people will agree, and will note this rogue's passing with satisfaction.

Country Cottage Crook

THE idea of "a cottage in the country" appeals to most people, and, banking upon this fact, an elusive scoundrel, calling himself Kenneth Andrews, has just devised an ingenious swindle.

Establishing himself in an office in St. Martin's Lane, London, he recently advertised rural properties for sale.

Actually, he had nothing whatever to offer, but the imaginary particulars he furnished were so tempting that his announcements immediately brought an immense flow of applications and enquiries from all parts.

While these letters were pouring in to his office he was busily offering staff appointments to numerous people with whom he had got into touch through quite another series of advertisements.

These applicants were invited to call for a special interview, at which Andrews explained that because of the rapid growth of his business he was obliged to establish agents in various centres to cope with the rush.

As evidence of his success, Andrews waved his hand over the huge pile of correspondence upon his desk.

"All applications for property!" he said, truthfully enough; and he even read extracts for their benefit.

Thus convinced by the evidence of their own eyes and ears that they were really being offered a chance to participate in a flourishing business, a number of people have deposited sums ranging from £50 to £100.

But their agencies have now been found to be quite worthless, as Andrews has no established business at all.

But long before his dupes made this alarming discovery he had closed his London office and disappeared.

He has not been seen there since.

FURTHER OUTLOOK UNSETTLED

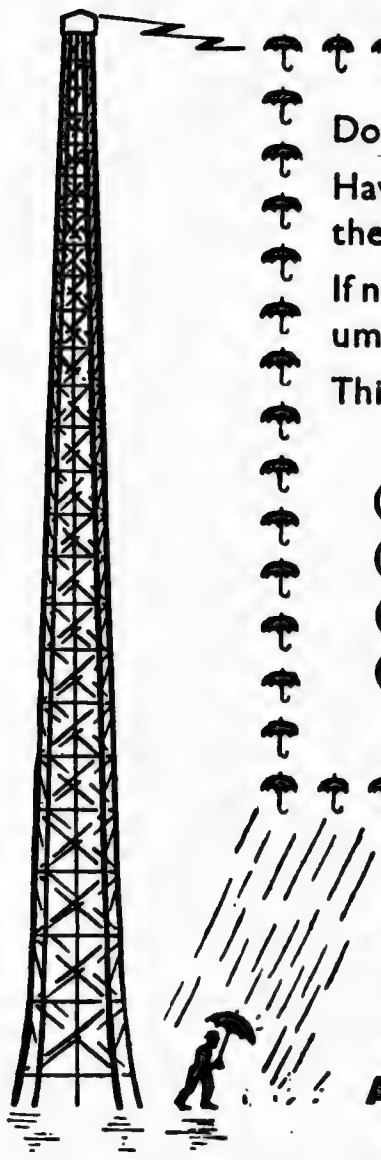
Does that sum up your future?

Have you made provision for the "rainy day"?

If not, come under the "Pearl" umbrella.

This is the kind of shelter you get:—

(1) £1,000 at age 60;
(2) Bonuses in addition;
(3) Income tax relief;
(4) Full protection for dependents.



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PEARL

ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

To THE JOINT MANAGING DIRECTORS, PEARL ASSURANCE CO. LTD., HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

My age next birthday is..... Please send me particulars of how I can obtain £.....at age.....

Name .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....

(7) J.B 24-6-33 AN ENQUIRY WILL INCUR NO OBLIGATION.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. VALUE 3D

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib.* *Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

Cash the Coupons

THE WORLD'S FINEST BOTANY SERGE VALUE

100% ALL WOOL, INDIGO DYED, LONDON SHRUNK

BLUE SERGE SUIT 45/-

MADE TO YOUR MEASURES BY EXPERTS

BARRY'S GREATEST TRIUMPH

Certified by 40 hours Bradford Conditioning House Test - May 11th 1933

Send for FREE Pattern of this amazing cloth.

ALSO SELF-MEASURE CHART AND FASHION BOOK.

BARRY'S FAMOUS TWEED LOUNGE SUIT - 37/6 To Measure

BARRY'S FAMOUS ~~999~~ FLANNEL TROUSERS 10/6 TO MEASURE

BARRY'S FAMOUS SPORTS COAT & TROUSERS (OR PLUS FOURS) 30/- to measure

THE BEST STORM COAT ON THE MARKET

The BARRYSTER

Postage Abroad 3/6 Extra.

THE NEW CLOTH-SELF-LINED ALL WEATHER COAT WEIGHING EVEN LESS THAN THE LIGHTEST RUBBER BACKED FEATHERWEIGHT.

There is no longer any need for the inside of your storm coat to be covered with perspiration.

THE BARRYSTER PUTS AN END TO THIS EVIL.

Every Barryster is of first class workmanship throughout with distinctive features to be found in coats costing 4 and 5 times the price.

WORTH £3·3·0 POST PAID TO YOUR DOOR 14/6

OR SENT CASH ON DELIVERY, IF PREFERRED

THE BARRYSTER CARRIES A TWO YEARS' GUARANTEE

and is sold with our full confidence as to your complete satisfaction.

YOUR BEST DEFENCE IN ALL WEATHERS.

Post us your remittance for 14/6 for this amazing coat, giving us your height and size round chest *over waistcoat*, and stating whether Fawn or Putty Shade Barryster is preferred.

IN FAWN OR PUTTY SHADE

S. A. BARRY & CO LTD. (J.B. Dept) 26 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1 CALL OR WRITE

X FOR FALSE TEETH

False teeth held firmly with confidence if sprinkled daily with

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

A boon to singers, speakers, clergy and business people. Sold by all chemists in patent sprinkler convenient for pocket or handbag.

FREE TRIAL: Send name and address for sample to Kolynos (Dept. F 22), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

The Big Conference SWINDLER

THE crooked fraternity has lost no time in exploiting the publicity value of the World Economic Conference, which has brought so many thousands of overseas visitors to London.

A few weeks ago a scheme for a new publication, entitled "Welcome Stranger," which was to have a special appeal for these visitors, was organised by a Mr. Roger George Seeley, of Moreton Place, Victoria, S.W.

"Welcome Stranger," as its name implies, was to extend a cordial greeting to our guests. It was to be their authentic guide, philosopher, and friend.

Great play was made of the fact that it was to be run in connection with a venture known as The General Information and Service Bureau.

"Wouldn't you like to feel that, anywhere and at any time, when you are in any difficulty, you have someone to whom you can turn at a moment's notice, and from whom you can obtain the assistance you require?"

Rosy prospects

So runs the preliminary puff concerning the advantages of this free information bureau.

This important enterprise has been started with enthusiasm by Seeley, who has employed a young man to assist him in canvassing for advertisements, on the promise of a commission of 25 per cent. on all orders accompanied by cash.

Already all classes of tradespeople, hotel and night-club proprietors, dance club secretaries, café managers and entertainment caterers generally have been induced to take advertising space in the proposed new publication.

Lured on by convincing promises about the wonderful "pulling power" of "Welcome Stranger," which was to enjoy a big circulation, they have actually paid for this space in advance.

Every member of the World Economic Conference was to be placed on the mailing list of "Welcome Stranger." Even the Prime Minister himself would get a copy of this new publication.

At least, this was one of the arguments used to extract money in advance from a variety of victims.

Wise landlord

A small room was at first rented in Jermyn Street, London, as the editorial offices of "Welcome Stranger," but as the landlord insisted on cash rather than promises for his rent, the editorial department complete with General Information and Service Bureau was transferred to another office in Regent Street.

Unfortunately, this office has also closed down after a few weeks of bustling activity. The World Economic Conference is on. The guests are here.

Mrs. Baldwin welcoming the wives of distinguished delegates to the World Economic Conference. It is this social side of the Conference that the rogue Seeley has so impudently exploited

But Seeley's promises have not materialised.

Naturally, those who have paid over good money for advertising space in a paper which was to have been published at the beginning of May have grown impatient, and some of them have already lodged complaints with the police.

Although advertisers were promised a "practically unlimited circulation," we find on enquiry that the original printing order was for three thousand copies, but this order was subsequently reduced to five hundred copies!

A printer in south-west London who had the misfortune to be introduced to Roger George Seeley is, as a sequel, now in the unfortunate position of having these five hundred copies of "Welcome Stranger" on his hands. Quite naturally he will not part with them until his printing bill has been paid.

In a recent letter to this creditor, Seeley is at great pains to suggest that he has been let down by a man who was assisting him by collecting money for advertising. But this man similarly accuses Seeley of being the real offender.

"I don't know what to do," writes Seeley in his most plaintive manner to the printer.

"I have missed the Economic Conference. . . . My wife is terribly ill, and I have had to pawn my only respectable suit."

Departed cash

So writes Mr. Seeley, as he appears with tears in his eyes, blaming an associate for the collapse of his own ambitious schemes.

The bare facts are that both Seeley and his assistant have between them obtained quite a large sum of money in advance from people whom they interested in this projected guide to London.

They have thus obtained sufficient cash to have paid the printing bill many times over. But apparently this money has now disappeared.

All that remains are the tearful excuses of Seeley as he manfully blames the other fellow.

Seeley has not only collected cash in advance for advertisements, but he has also had the brazen audacity to call back a few days later and borrow money from his clients!

Here is a typical instance of his methods. A club in Soho is run by two partners, and when he approached one of them for money for an advertisement in "Welcome Stranger" he was refused.

A few days later he tackled the other, saying that his fellow-partner had agreed to take advertising space. His manner was so convincing that he succeeded in drawing cash in advance on the spot!

Another proposition that Seeley and his associate have been exploiting in the West End and elsewhere concerns special detachable covers for magazines. These were to be placed on the tables of several well-known clubs in Pall Mall and Piccadilly, and were to carry special advertising spaces.

Seeley and his lieutenant produced printers' proofs of the advertisements as they were to appear in these special covers. The proprietress of a well-known West End café paid in advance for such an advertisement.

No return

She learned later, however, that neither Seeley nor his assistant was known to the secretaries of the clubs that had been named, nor had any arrangement been made for using the special magazine covers at these clubs!

To add insult to injury, Seeley called at the café a few days later and, having failed to persuade the proprietress to change a cheque, then made an unsuccessful attempt to borrow money.

The same thing happened to the manager of a popular Travel Bureau who paid Seeley in advance for advertising. Seeley's assistant was also present. As the publication of "Welcome Stranger" did not appear early in May as was promised, the Travel Bureau manager has been trying to persuade Seeley to return the money. But, meeting with no success, he has placed the matter in the hands of the police.

The proprietor of a motor-hire service firm of South Kensington is also among the long list of victims, who are to be found all over London.

Seeley, we find, is a rogue with several previous convictions for obtaining money by false pretences. He boasts of the fact that he was formerly an officer in the Royal Navy.

Sometimes he has used the name of George Maynard, and has passed as the son of a former Archbishop. Whatever his parentage, he is the type of man to be avoided.

"I am not going to be put down as a crook," wrote Seeley recently in a letter to one dupe who has been badly deceived. But bombast of this sort will not save him from the wrath of the many disillusioned clients who are now clamouring for redress.

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Ministering Spirits

A JOHN BULL reader sends me the following verse:

"You are writing each day a letter to men:
Take care that the writing is true:
'Tis the only Gospel that some men will read,
That Gospel according to You."

The advice is good and reaches deeper than some of us realise. We are influencing other people for good or ill every day we live and in almost everything we do. What we say is of some importance also, but not as much as most people are apt to assume.

If our words do not correspond with our actions, and still less with our characters, those who know us will soon find us out. You cannot deceive the world for long as to what you are. Your real spirit breaks through in ways that you cannot control.

Dean Inge says that as we get on in life our moral history is written on our faces in letters that cannot be covered up. In youth a fair exterior may conceal a cold and selfish heart, but as time goes on the unpleasant truth inscribes itself on the countenance in indelible ink.

On the other hand, there is no beauty like the beauty of kindly old age. Youth cannot match it. The man or woman who lives habitually in company with pure thoughts and high aims comes in time to reflect these spiritual possessions in every tone of the voice or glance of the eye.

One might almost say of some of them that a heavenly light shines through them for the help and guidance of others.

Such as these are what the Bible calls ministering spirits. They may not do anything very conspicuous in the world or find their name in print, but a gracious influence radiates from them.

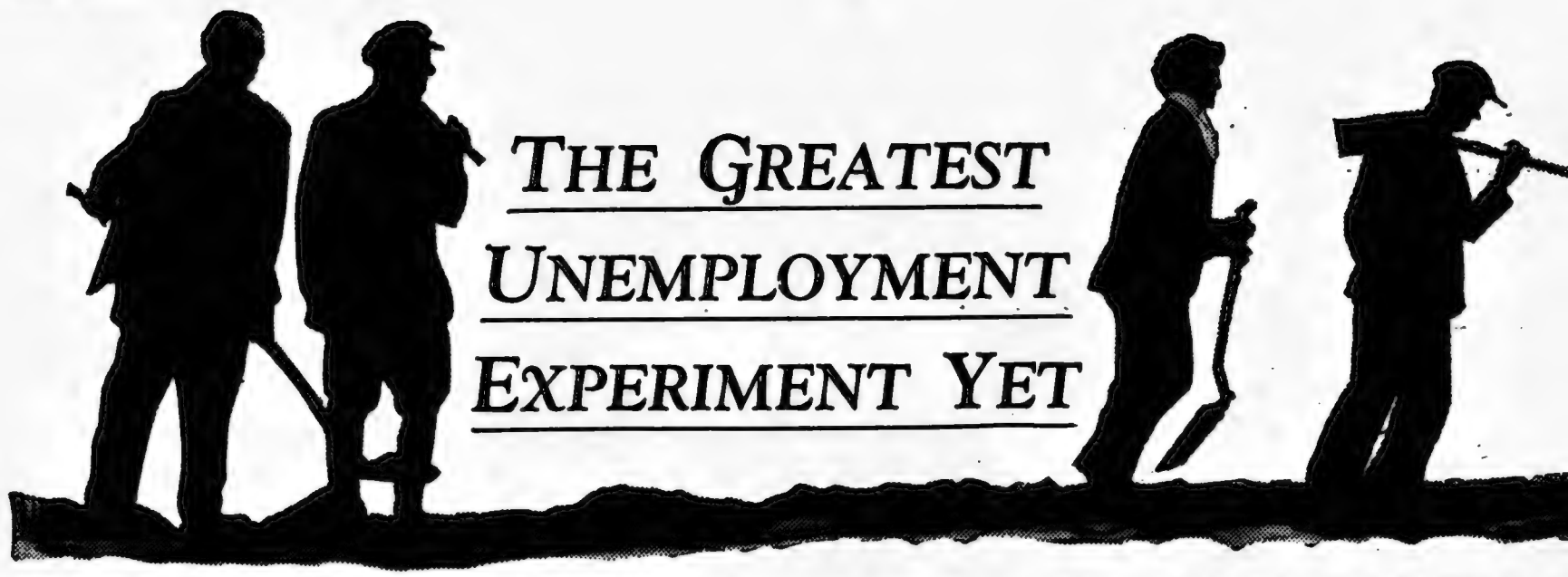
They are never shallow or flippant, but neither are they patronising nor self-assertive. They give the impression of being quietly happy and at peace with themselves, but at the same time it is quite evident that they have not been spared the shocks and sorrows incidental to human life in this world.

They have learned what must ever remain a secret from the vain and self-satisfied, the secret of the heart that knows how to minister to others without expecting much in return.

Broadly speaking, it is a secret that women learn more readily than men: it is the special prerogative of motherhood. But at its best and highest it is no more the preserve of one sex than of the other.

It is the magic quality that draws the weary and the troubled to the side of the man or woman who has the power to impart strength and comfort.

How do they acquire it? Only in one way: It is the way of fearless, self-forgetful love.



THE GREATEST UNEMPLOYMENT EXPERIMENT YET

THIS is the remarkable and inspiring story of the most successful effort that has been made during the Great Depression to cope with the great unemployment problem.

And it is the triumph of three individuals, little-known private citizens. These three people, two men and a woman, succeeded where successive Governments failed.

Within less than four years, one hundred thousand unemployed men who couldn't afford such a cheap thing as a spade have been, and are being, taught to find new hope and ambition and the will-to-live on "little farms" of their own.

And it all began as the result of a letter written by one Quaker to another.

In 1930, William Noble, a Quaker, relinquished his managerial job in the Great Western Railway's big Swindon depôt. After years of hard work he had reached the age-limit, and now he and his wife, Emma, could look forward to a quiet life of peaceful retirement.

Valley of despair

But these people happened to possess a social conscience that prevented them from sitting down quietly and doing nothing while there was so much misery and hardship in their land. They found it impossible to look on so much suffering around them without making a personal effort to be of service to the sufferers.

So they decided to go to the most depressed area in the kingdom to see what assistance they could give.

The district they chose was the mid-Rhondda Valley.

How best to make use of the unemployed man's leisure?—that was the problem to which they devoted themselves without delay.

The Nobles made several experiments, not all as successful as they wished, along the lines of social centres and welfare movements for the unemployed. But the main drawback, they found, was that any scheme that made men think they were dependent on charity was foredoomed to failure.

Earth's balm

They found these able-bodied men of the Rhondda Valley, with the will to work, but no work to do, expected little of life. For their wives and children they wanted food and shelter—the best of both that they could provide. For themselves, not even as much as that—just enough to keep their minds and spirits and bodies in trim so that they could tackle a job when it came along. Not much to ask—but more than they could get until the Nobles arrived on the scene.

It was when William and Emma Noble watched three unemployed men in a garden that they learnt what our legislators ought to have learnt from old Mother Nature when the Big Slump first set in.

Three men without hope, three men utterly disillusioned by life, they were—until they got hold of a garden. Then they changed almost out of recognition under the influence of a patch of ground and a spade.

Twopenny magic

William and Emma Noble saw the possibilities at once. They sent an urgent letter to Mr. John Robson, a Quaker colleague at the London headquarters of the Society of Friends. No prospector who ever struck gold ever sent a more urgent message.

"Come down at once," they said. "There is something here you must see."

And so, a few days later, down in mid-Rhondda, where fine muscles were going flabby and equally fine ambitions were being melted away by despair, where hunger and want and heart-break were the rule rather than the exception, these three pioneers made their plan.

A penny a week, twopence at most! That was all they could expect the unemployed man to pay. What could they give him in the way of a "little farm" for that—the price of a child's packet of sweets?

"He must have ten rods (33 square yards) of land at least," said one of them.

"Of course," said the other two.

"And tools."

"Certainly."

"And seeds, naturally . . . and all the fertiliser he will require."

"Yes, he'll want all that."

News spreads

That, then, would be their plan. It was difficult, certainly. But the only way of tackling unemployment in any way was to surmount difficulties.

If you had heard them planning with that twopence a week maximum as the basis, you would have imagined they had mistaken the sum—that they were thinking in terms of shillings a week instead of pence.

But no. Twopence a week is the most that an unemployed man or woman was expected to pay under their scheme, and it buys everything that is wanted for the running of the 100,000 little allotment farms that have to-day grown out of their original plan—little farms on which self-respect grows just as plentifully as crops.

These pioneers did not talk for long, as people are wont to do who wait on tedious and time-wasting Royal Commissions.

Within a few weeks hundreds of unemployed men were working on their allotments, treating the little arbours they had built as their week-end residence. Their Sunday tea in the fresh air—tea on their own little estate, with their own radishes and lettuces as the basis of the meal—was a delight bigger than most children of the unemployed had ever tasted until then.

The good news spread. . . . Soon the organisation was deluged with requests for the cards on which the weekly pennies and twopences of the allotmenteers were entered. Helpers came forward to act as treasurers who would collect these little sums.

Then Durham, another depressed area, appealed for a similar scheme for its out-of-work multitude, and no sooner was it started than it seemed that every unemployed man was anxious to participate.

King's help

Yorkshire, Cumberland, Lancashire, one depressed area after another appealed to the special department of the Society of Friends that had grown up to deal with the scheme. And they had only to ask to get.

And when the Society of Friends needed help itself, it found many such organisations as the British Legion rallying to its aid.

The banks were asked to put their organisation at the disposal of the movement, so that the humble pennies would reach headquarters without loss of a valuable farthing. And they did so at once, handling a single penny as if it were a £100 Bank of England note.

Among the donations received in one day was a cheque for £105 from the King and the first week's old-age pension drawn by an old woman.

Of course, there were the croakers, too, who predicted that the public wouldn't contribute, and that the unemployed would fall behind with their pennies and twopences, anyway.

It is answer enough to them that 99 per cent. of the penny and twopenny subscriptions has been paid as they became due, without any worrying or harassing of any kind, and that in the other 1 per cent. of cases there is usually good reason why the subscriber cannot find even his penny or twopence.

Meanwhile, while one part of the organisation was dealing with the vast and growing demand for land, another branch was trying to acquire it at such a cheap price that the scheme could not fail on economic grounds—no easy task.

So more and more land was found, some of it derelict and weed-choked,

on the doorsteps of
some of it little slips
besides canals and ri

The Friends came
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expanse so littered a
forgotten that it se
that it had never
anyone.

But the London
owned it. It had
appeared, for a dr
planned and abando
forty years ago.

To-day, 400 unem
finding new happin
there.

The Friends even
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you would think lan
was far too dear for
a scheme like
this.

Beneath
broken bricks and
rusting tin-cans
Camberwell was fo
ground which has n
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wreckage and *débri*
—to find ground all
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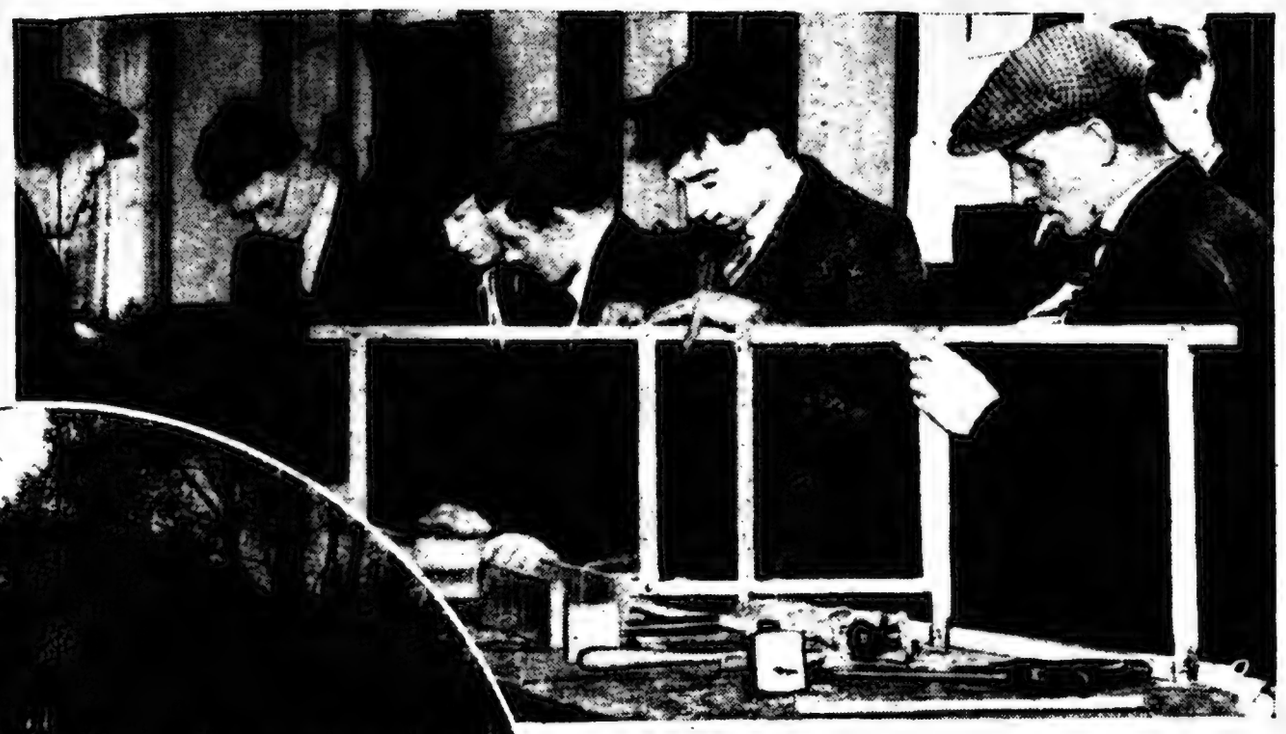
There is some beh

JUNE 24, 1933

100,000 *with a* SPADE *and a* PLOT

—and three Quakers started it



At Bush Hill Park the men with a spade and a plot learn the secrets of the potting-shed; these men are making a garden frame

The spades are fighting chaos at Waltham Cross. Waste ground being cleared before the allocation of plots is made

...e doorsteps of our big cities, ... of it little slips of waste ground ...es canals and rivers.

... Friends came across a vast ... of land near Abbey Wood, an ...ise so littered and decayed and ...tten that it seemed, at first, ... it had never been owned by ...ne.

... the London County Council ...d it. It had been bought, it ...ired, for a drainage scheme ...ied and abandoned more than ... years ago.

...day, 400 unemployed men are ...g new happiness and health ...

... Friends even searched the ...e of London, where ...ould think land ...ar too dear for ...heme like ...

...eath ...n bricks and ...g tin-cans at ...erwell was found ...d which has now become one ... nicest little allotments con... with the scheme.

...te land opposite a hospital in ...ngton has also been reclaimed ... the centre for family parties ... week-end. And right under ...hadow of giant cranes and ... funnels of the Royal Albert ... the Friends cleared away the ...age and *débris* of fifty years ...ind ground all the better for ...ng lack of usage.

...re is some behind Wormwood Scrubs prison. There is a separate story in that. The Friends asked the Prison Commissioners if they could have it. The Commissioners said it wasn't theirs to give. Try the London County Council. But it didn't belong to the council. The Middlesex County Council and the War Office said the same thing, and now the suspicion is growing in the minds of the promoters of the scheme that nobody owns the ground at all.

And if an owner isn't soon found, there is going to be a scene in London reminiscent of the Klondyke gold rush.

Unemployed men will be given small pegs, lined up on one border of the ground, and, at the word of command, invited to rush and "jump" their claims. And what they get they will hold—if no rightful owner comes along.

Every day more ground is forthcoming. But even so there is not enough available if the scheme is going to grow to ten times its present size, as it promises to do.

Fulfilment?

Its future is largely in the hands of the railway companies, canal companies, local authorities who bought land for schemes that were not proceeded with, and other owners of land not at present in use and which they can either give or grant the use of at rock-bottom rates for this wonderful work of mercy.

If they lend their co-operation on a big enough scale, there is no knowing where the scheme may end. It may even prove to be the basis of the "Back to the Land" movement that has been promised for so long—the country revival that will restore the balance upset by the industrial revolution.

Far-fetched? Study the facts and see.

The possibility is fast becoming evident that many of these allotments will, in time, become farms, rendering their owners self-supporting.

Already many of the men are certain they can make a living out of the land. Having grown £6 or £7 worth of vegetables for their wives in a single season at a negligible cost, they are able to gauge what success they would have with a bigger plot.

Why, already £6,875 subscribed to the movement has been used to set up men on land settlement schemes that are enabling them to earn their own livings. And as the movement grows this important aspect of it will grow too.

In fact, America sees such great promise in it that it has asked for full details, and has started similar ventures in her two most depressed areas, West Virginia and Kentucky.

For the million

A wonderful enough record for a plan born during the greatest depression in history, yet this is only the promise of what is to come, not the fulfilment. Very soon—as soon as that necessary cheap land is forthcoming—those 100,000 who have turned leisure they hate into work they love should number 200,000. It may not even stop short of the million mark.

There is the health aspect of it, too, to be considered, for the wives and children who get opportunities for sitting and eating in country air as well as for the "little farmers."

At Sheffield, where 1,800 allotments have been taken up by the unemployed, plots were granted to twenty-nine men suffering from tuberculosis. At the end of their first season twenty-three of them were certified as cured of their dread complaint.

That Sheffield estate is worth a passing glimpse as typical of many. One passes, in turn, the "little farm" of a knife-maker, a moulder, a cutler, a lathe-worker, a hawker, a razor-maker, a collier and a widow with two children to whom the produce resulting, and the chance of a day in the country, means much.

Yes, there are many unemployed women in the ranks of the movement. Spurred on by their love for children whom they do not want to go short, they garden as well as many of the men.

Will this "little farm" movement prove to be the biggest and best cure yet found for the Great Depression? If history repeats itself, it will.

Mighty mite

One-tenth of Britain was starving in the days of the Commonwealth when Winstanley organised the Digger Movement and helped to bring one of the worst periods of suffering in our history to an end.

In 1829, John Player, afterwards of tobacco fame, averted a famine in the Midlands by an allotments scheme.

Allotments, spades, fertilisers, and plots of ground that can yield only £6 or £7 worth of provisions a season—it may seem a small contribution to a very big problem.

Yet such movements as this have always, in every slump in our history, helped to bring us back to happier conditions.

To-day the food yielded by the scheme represents the shilling of Mr. Micawber when he said: "Income 20s., expenditure 19s. 6d., result happiness. Income 20s., expenditure 20s. 6d., result misery." In this and other ways it is translating misery into happiness.

Hundreds of touching letters of gratitude that have been received by the organisers are evidence of this.

"Thank God for the piece of ground you let my boy have," wrote a Lancashire father. "It has saved him from suicide."

To the rescue

So important has the scheme become that the Government agreed, last August, to give a grant of £10,000 on the basis of £1 for every £1 subscribed, plus a further £2,500 for the next £5,000 contributed.

It is a small sum. Judged by the results that are already occurring, it is a meagre sum.

Yet it is at least a small and tardy recognition of the fact that the land which did so much for our forefathers can help us, too, in this greatest economic crisis in our history.

The wonder is that we found out so late, and, having found out, leave so much of the remedial work to private hands—the King and the poor old-age pensioner among them.

The One BEST Way to Brightness

SLEEK shining smartness is the rule of the road in Summer time especially. Cycles must scintillate; motor cycles and cars must show no shabbiness for the sunlight to criticise. And why should they? Brushing Robbialoid makes light of surface repairs; by brush or spray, touching-up or complete renovation is a simple enjoyable job with this economical cellulose finish. Brushing Robbialoid flows on easily yet dries before dust has time to settle. Once hard, it will not crack, chip or peel, nor can rain, grease, oil or mud affect its glossy diamond-hard surface.

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No. 1. Robbialoid spraying outfit is complete with hand spray, Robbialoid Spraying Cellulose and thinners. From all dealers 6/6

FREE: Leaflets tell you all about applying Robbialoid by Brush or Spray. Send postcard for whichever you want. Robbialoid Works (Dept. J.B.), Stratford, E.15.

Pumps both ways, Sprays always

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TYPIST MARRIES MILLIONAIRE

Paris, October 29.—The Wedding of Miss Ethel Peacock took

He could have had any girl he wanted—intelligent beautiful wealthy girls. Why then did he prefer this poor girl without fortune? "Her beautiful natural complexion won me," he confided later to reporters.

But her skin had not always been so lovely. Only a few weeks ago it was coarse and dark with enlarged pores and ugly blemishes. Such complexion defects were caused by irritation deep down in the skin pores. Here, where soap and water cannot reach, grease and dirt collect. These irritate and enlarge the pores. Then come ugly blemishes which coarsen and disfigure the skin. Crème Tokalon White Colour (non-greasy) contains predigested fresh cream and olive oil. It goes right down into the pores, quickly dissolves out all greasy dirt and soothes irritation. Its astringent action contracts enlarged pores, making the skin fine and smooth. Even the most ugly rough complexions soon become marvellously soft and clear.

MY ADVENTURE with A REAL KING KONG

"JOHN BULL" READERS' STORIES · 41 ·

"It was the biggest gorilla I have ever seen, a massive, towering monster"

SUPPOSING a King Kong were to be discovered in real life! What would happen if a 50 ft. ape actually came bound to civilisation and then contrived to escape?

Many people must have asked themselves this question since the extraordinary film based on an idea by Edgar Wallace appeared on the screen—and some have doubtless smiled at themselves for even entertaining such a supposition.

Yet Wallace never wrote of the impossible, though he frequently dealt with the improbable. "King Kong" may yet come true! A lost world may yet be discovered. A monster of the jungle may yet wreak death and destruction in the streets of a modern city.

For it is notorious that everything happens in "twos and threes"—and one King Kong has already been discovered. I played a part in the capture of the beast not so very long ago.

The worship of an ape on a mysterious island, far from being completely impossible, has already occurred. The capture of the animal and its subsequent escape in real life were on a par with the adventures of the seemingly fantastic nightmare monster of the film.

And the real story, because it is real, is as thrilling as anything to be found in the pages of fiction. Let me tell it to you as it actually took place.

It happened when I was trading in the islands between the Pacific Ocean and the China Sea—pearl-hunting and earning what money I could from Babuyan to Sarangani, in Luzon and Mindanao, in the Dutch Indies and through Malay.

AT one of the coastal villages in these parts I joined a tramp steamer, bound ultimately for Australia, but with its present destination unknown.

Destination unknown! But I was ready for anything in those days, and second mate seemed a good enough position for the time being. Once aboard, too, it did not take me long to discover where we were going.

The great Demo, animal trainer and circus king, was in control, though not in command, of the tramper, and we were *en route* for Jinaomya.

Jinaomya! I knew the island by reputation—a little place off the Borneo coast, primitive and completely wild, with head-hunters in active search of their supper.

And rumour had it that the natives worshipped queer gods—gods that moved and walked and had their being deep in the jungle, coming up to the villages at regular periods, demanding sacrifices.

Demo, we knew, was set on the capture of that god, though what it could be we failed to imagine. Stowed below were nets and chains and gas-bombs, as well as a large cage. What manner of creature was this that demanded such a cargo?

SO through an eerie atmosphere of brooding silence we steamed, under skies heavy as lead, getting nearer and nearer to we knew not what terror.

Demo, during his rare appearances, proved to be a giant himself, a muscular creature crowned with flaring hair. And as our objective loomed closer he even manifested certain uneasiness. We who were in the dark could only wait and wonder.

But gradually the secret leaked out. Somewhere on Jinaomya was an outsize gorilla, worshipped by the natives—and Demo intended to capture the world's largest ape alive. An impresario of wild beasts, he had come in search of the jungle's most spectacular turn.

The probabilities were against the story being true. Gorillas were unusual in these parts, and in any case they are not so ferocious as you might suppose, generally avoiding an encounter unless driven into a corner.

But Demo had heard the story from an explorer friend and there was no turning him aside. And when we at last reached Jinaomya, one evening as a tropical sunset was blazing swiftly in the sky, the job looked less enticing than ever.

From somewhere inland came the menacing beat of devil drums, and the scores of painted savages who came out from the shore in their dug-outs were no handsome looking lot. . . .

Volunteers for a landing party! Fourteen of us swung over the side and rowed shorewards, paying no heed to our clamouring escorts, on the principle that if you act as though everything were normal, natives — like animals—are puzzled and do not attack.

Yet they were not unfriendly. We were welcomed, directly we had beached, by the head of the local village, a fearsome devil with a row of painted finger-bones around his neck. Perhaps he knew better than to so much as consider the heads of white men for his collection.

At any rate, there was a great deal of palaver, the skipper trying to make out that we had come for trading—and presently we were invited to a festival in the village.

Something was decidedly up! All this time, the drums had been beating louder and louder; all this time the blacks about us had been fidgeting and casting backward glances towards the vegetation above the beach.

We had landed at the appropriate moment, it seemed. And when we got to the village, the entire tribe had turned out, men, women and children chanting and dancing their vile dances around a kind of altar.

With signs we were invited to be seated, to eat and watch. The one sign we could not understand was when the henchman of the chief danced a little, rolled his eye and then ran towards a hut.

IF that meant we were to wait in the hut, he was barmy. We sat down with our rifles ready, the gas-bombs guarded in our midst, and determined not to budge.

I suppose I need not describe the festivities, even if my pen had the skill. They were the usual sort of thing—a dance and a sing-song rising to a mad sort of crescendo.

The altar rather fascinated us, since we did not wish to see bloodshed, but happily it was a mere sacrifice of fruit, hares, parrots and birds' eggs that we witnessed. The parrots were killed, the hares tied down on the wood with little thongs, and the madness of those crazy natives increased. . . .

Then suddenly it ended—phut!—like that. Every manjack in that clearing

(*Continued on page* 24)

"A FINE CIGARETTE . . .
AND IT ADDS TO ONE'S BUYING POWER"★

"I get greater smoking satisfaction from Kensitas than from any other cigarette . . . and their mildness is just to my liking."

"Jenkyn . . . the Hall Mark of Fine Quality"

No matter how many Kensitas you smoke — they're always pleasing. Kensitas have the full rich flavour of the finest Virginia tobaccos, made mellow-mild by the Kensitas Private Process. That's why Kensitas are so mild, and so satisfying. Kensitas have broken away from the traditional practice common among manufacturers of including cards and inserts of little or no value in packets of cigarettes. Instead you will find 5 CERTIFICATES IN EVERY PACKET OF TWENTY KENSITAS.

Kensitas

They're mild . . . and how they satisfy!

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"Auction Bridge for All"	225
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White's Laboratories Ltd., (Dept. H.1), 15, Bush House, London, W.C.2.

Capturing a Jungle Monster!

(Continued from page 22)

scuttled for shelter, attempting by signs to make us follow.

For a time we could see them in their doorways, gesticulating and showing the whites of their eyes; then they were out of sight and silent. And distinct above all the chattering of the jungle, every one of us heard plainly a deep-throated roar, the cry of a gorilla!

"Better get out of sight, boys!" advised Demo. "And if this thing is really coming, you—Simpson and Carter and Jones—throw your bombs at the word 'Go!'"

So we all retreated around the corner and waited and watched. Presently it came. Not a sound issued from the natives, and we heard it padding among the huts, grunting and squeaking.

IT was the biggest gorilla I have ever seen, a massive towering monster about 8 ft. in height, with arms hanging nearly to its feet and with the hair on its head and shoulders as red as the hair of Demo. It looked round snuffling, and shuffled up to the altar.

"Go!" cried Demo.

At the report of the bombs a wail of fear came from every hut. The gorilla, startled, looked about, began to beat its chest, and roared savagely.

We had our rifles ready, but the gas was already creeping up, and presently it fell. The natives must have been paralysed with fright, for they kept in their huts as we bound King Kong and half dragged, half carried him away.

. . . . . .

The climax came eleven months later, when "Demo and Demon, the King of the Gorillas," were the principal attraction of Gosport's Circus, then on the road through Australia.

Demo may have had many faults, and during my association with him I learned of many, but I have to congratulate him in one sense—he knew how to train animals. Long before we had touched harbour, King Kong was a subdued beast, and within a few weeks, as "Demon," he was actually learning chimpanzee tricks.

For nine months the crowds had packed the big tent to see Demon sitting down at table with his master to eat a roast chicken, and the red-haired resemblance between the two made the show all the more amusing and interesting.

Then we moved out from Perth to the adjoining Fremantle, and on waste ground outside the sea port halted once again. Posters advertising the attractions of the circus and menagerie were posted all over the city.

ON the first night the crowds turned up to schedule, ready to part with their shillings and florins.

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen—walk up! See Flora, the Equestrian Marvel! See Pimple, the World's Funniest Clown! See the Masked Four in their death-defying dive! See Demo dining with Demon, the King of the Gorillas!"

Soon the big tent was crowded to capacity, and the show began.

Picture the scene. The flaring lamps, the tumbling clowns, the galloping horses, the acrobats, the lions and tigers, and about it all a dense, massed ring of hundreds of faces, looking towards the sawdust as the brass band flared.

The thrill of it is in my heart now,

Here, in the tangled jungle of a Borneo island, our reader encountered the giant gorilla

and I can hear the expectant murmur as Demo and Demon were announced as I heard it then.

Demo stood before the veiled cage ready to tell his story of the capture of Demon, and as he waited for silence, the unseen gorilla roared. "Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to hear . . ."

Step by step, the animal trainer told the story, perhaps adding colour here and there, perhaps emphasising danger where peril had not existed, but presently he came to the thrilling close.

The tarpaulins were drawn from the cage. Demon roared at the audience as he had been trained to do, and a table was drawn up before the bars. "Ladies and gentlemen, I will now dine with this monster. . . ."

DEMO got no further. No matter how you train a wild beast, its savage yearning for freedom must surely remain, never forgotten. And perhaps in the journey from Perth the lock of the cage had become loosened or perhaps even smashed.

Suddenly, before anyone could move, the gorilla had flung itself at the door of its cage. Something gave way and the giant lumbered out on to the sawdust. Demo slashed his whip at the beast and cried, "Back! Back!" The audience had risen in terror.

In a flash, Demon had swung up the pole towards the top of the tent and with one stroke of his paw the canvas above him parted like paper. Then, for an instant, he looked down at the screaming humans running hither and thither beneath him. He bellowed mightily and beat his chest, as if signalling war—and then was gone.

Indescribable panic followed. Useless the shouts of "Keep your seats, please!" Useless the loud playing of the band, and the horseplay of the crowds! A mad stampede began towards the exits, only to be stopped by the ring-master crying, "Stay where you are! You're safer here. *It's outside!*"

We circus hands made a barrier across the doors, and swiftly messengers were sent for the police. On their instructions, the performance ended and the audience returned to their homes.

Boy scouts on bicycles warned all the neighbours of the gorilla's escape, and yet this did not prevent an army of onlookers arriving on the scene.

The flight of Demon was as dramatic as anything that had gone before. Not least astounding was the general scare. Reports came from places as wide apart as the docks and the Halstead Park that the gorilla had been seen.

A motorist on the Queen's—or King's—Road claimed to have been attacked by the animal, and all that night the police were kept busy with rumours.

YET the truth was that Demon did not leave the circus grounds. For some time he remained crouching behind some caravans, where five hours later he was discovered by one of the artists. The alarm being given, a cordon was thrown around the spot, and—rather ridiculously—a veterinary surgeon arrived. Against all Demo's pleas, the ape was condemned to be shot.

Five shots were fired point blank from the top of a caravan, and the original King Kong died.

The truth, I know, is almost as fantastic in some respects as the Edgar Wallace story, yet I have given every incident here as it actually happened.

The gorilla hunt, in fact, must be remembered by many people in Fremantle to this day, and if you are ever able to look at the files of the Perth *Daily News* for 1920, you will find a full account of Kong's death in its pages.

NEXT WEEK: An Englishwoman tells how she became a slave in a Turkish harem and of her eventual escape.

LAST CHANCE

In the *Passing Show*, out to-morrow, is a final opportunity—extended to every reader of JOHN BULL—to secure a magnificent presentation, "The Pageant of the Century."

This huge work of more than 700 large pages and over 1,500 striking illustrations is the only book of its kind in the world. It records every important, interesting and amusing event since 1900.

The announcement in Friday's *Passing Show* is final. Don't miss this great opportunity of securing a volume that will become more precious even than a family album. Order your *Passing Show* to-day.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

ROUGH TIMES

Joyce

THIS is the story from the lips of Joyce's mother of a typical case of a family's sufferings. Her husband has been unemployed for twelve months. On his weekly pay of 37s. 3d. nine people have to be fed and clothed, and a rent of 12s. met for the two rooms in which they all live.

He is not a strong man, having been gassed in the war. "Feeling none too grand," as his wife put it, "he has to get up very early and walk about looking for work. With all those children to feed, he can't consider himself. He goes to the railway every night to see if there is any chance of picking up a job, but there seems none at all."

Joyce, who is one-and-a-half years old, is the youngest of seven children, the eldest being thirteen. Nearly the whole of her short existence has been spent in hospital, where she was admitted when scarcely two months old suffering from wasting disease. She has been at home now for a few weeks, and is quite a little stranger to her family.

How does Joyce's family live? Her mother, who is thirty-four, says she has had "rough times"—rough times meeting the rent, which, to her credit, is only a few shillings behind; rough times when she has been very ill; rough times when everything possible has had to be pawned, bed clothes included; rough times when she has had to wash her little girls' frocks at night to make them fit for school.

"I feel they are shabby," she said, "compared with other children. As for getting anything for myself, that is out of the question."

A stranger who sat next to her in a square where she had taken Joyce for an airing gave her the little coat in which Joyce is photographed.

Donations earmarked "Joyce" should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. List of current week's donations will be sent on application.

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Thousands of other women, too, are simply overjoyed with the wonderful help New Rinso gives them on washday. They are talking about NEW Rinso—telling their friends about it—that is how the news of this wonderful new way to wash has spread all over the country.

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Miss Gracie Fields, the world-famous Comedienne, writes:—"When girls ask me to recommend for their complexions, I always advise Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. It's grand what a difference it makes to the skin—and it's marvellous how they have combined the Powder and Cream and even included a mirror on the dainty jar. Just you try it!—it's real champion."

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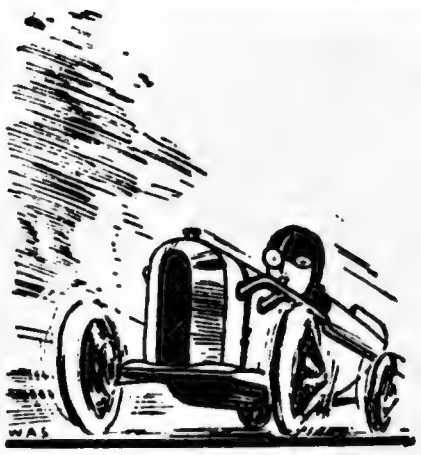

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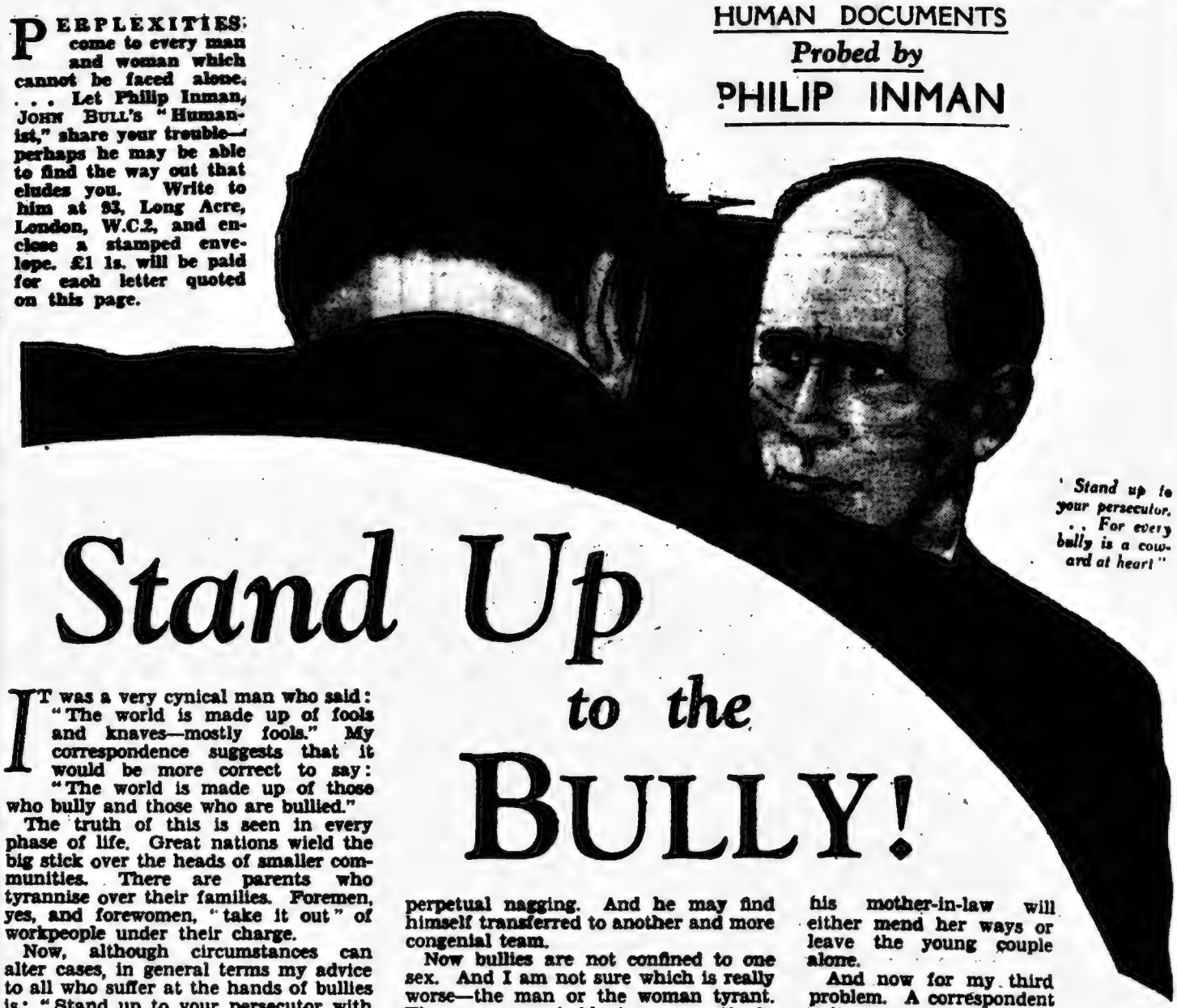

"Stand up to your persecutor. . . . For every bully is a coward at heart"

Stand Up to the BULLY!

IT was a very cynical man who said: "The world is made up of fools and knaves—mostly fools." My correspondence suggests that it would be more correct to say: "The world is made up of those who bully and those who are bullied."

The truth of this is seen in every phase of life. Great nations wield the big stick over the heads of smaller communities. There are parents who tyrannise over their families. Foremen, yes, and forewomen, "take it out" of workpeople under their charge.

Now, although circumstances can alter cases, in general terms my advice to all who suffer at the hands of bullies is: "Stand up to your persecutor with all the strength you can muster." For every bully is a coward at heart.

Here is a letter from a young fellow whose life has become intolerable, and all through the petty tyranny of a workmate. His letter reads:

"'Speeding up' has recently been introduced where I am employed. We now work in teams, as this is considered to make for greater efficiency. The man I work with 'lords it over me,' and is continually finding fault with my work, though, from all I hear said, it is equal to if not better than his.

"He also does spiteful little things like refusing to show me our wage-tickets. And now we have two boys working with us, he goes out of his way to give them work I should be doing, leaving me with nothing to do. He seems to take a fiendish delight in causing me annoyance, and I feel that the position is becoming unbearable.

"Yet I cannot very well leave, for jobs are hard to get these days. Not only that, but I like my work and I am also the mainstay at home. Can you suggest any way out of my difficulty?"

I think I can. Let us look at the problem at closer quarters. It is a common occurrence for jealousy and bullying to go together. The bully is, as I have said, a coward. He is also, as a rule, a very small-minded and petty kind of person who resents success coming to other folk. And I should think this is true in the case under review.

MY correspondent tells me that his work is "equal to if not better than" the other man's. That is where he has aroused his mate's spite. By the process of bullying him the latter hopes to intimidate him to such an extent that his work will suffer.

Now there is only one way of dealing with a bully of this kind. It is to stand up to him. Weakness is the tyrant's opening—an opportunity that he is not slow to seize. But if once he is matched, his bullying becomes mere hot air and evaporates just as quickly.

It is a pity my correspondent does not tell me how long he has held his job. If he has done so for only a short time, then I advise him to try and "grin and bear it" until his position is established and his worth recognised. If, however, his service extends over some years, a talk with the works manager would do no harm. He could point out that his work and his health may suffer by this perpetual nagging. And he may find himself transferred to another and more congenial team.

Now bullies are not confined to one sex. And I am not sure which is really worse—the man or the woman tyrant. The woman probably is more petty in her method of attack—she uses the pin-prick oftener than the sledge-hammer.

A husband writes to tell me that he has been married for two years, and that he and his wife are devoted to each other. From what he says she seems to be an excellent housekeeper—which is an important factor, as their income is limited. The letter proceeds:

"OUR happiness, however, is being completely spoilt by her mother, who is a most masterful person. From the beginning of our married life she has interfered in all sorts of ways, and has even run me into debt by herself ordering things that she thinks her daughter ought to have.

"When I have pointed out that we could not afford them, she has lost her temper, and, as she has a very bitter tongue and does not mind how or where she uses it, we have put up with her persecution for the sake of peace. Unfortunately she owns the house we live in, and though we pay her rent, she could make things very unpleasant for us here.

"Naturally my wife does not want to offend her mother, and I have comforted myself with the thought that perhaps after a time she would get better and leave us alone."

I think my correspondent has brought most of the trouble upon himself. He ought never to have allowed his mother-in-law to exert such an influence over his home. When she first started her domineering ways he should have put his foot down at once.

"Peace at any price" is a dangerous maxim to adopt. Why? Because it seldom leads to peace. It leaves behind undercurrents of dissatisfaction and unrest. As witness this particular case.

"What ought I to do?" asks my correspondent. I will tell him. To start with, if his mother-in-law orders goods again, let him make her pay for them. She has no more right to pledge her son-in-law's credit than I have.

"But the house in which we live is hers," he says. But what of that? He pays rent for it, and, if the Rent Restriction Act does not apply in his case, it should be easy to get another house.

"But there is my wife to consider," he adds. "She does not want to offend her mother."

My experience is that a wife thinks far more of her man if he refuses to be treated as a door-mat. Let him stand up for his rights! And if he does so, his mother-in-law will either mend her ways or leave the young couple alone.

And now for my third problem. A correspondent writes:

"Through financial worry and mental strain my husband had a breakdown some years ago, which subsequently led to a severe drinking bout. As a result I felt compelled to leave him, and, when I had gone, he sold the home and accumulated debts on all sides.

"Eventually he was found wandering by the police, and taken to hospital. The month he spent there was his salvation. And it was then I decided to help him to make a fresh start.

"Having a previous good record, through the kindness of a former headmaster he obtained reinstatement with an education authority, and we have, after a great struggle, got together a little home and are gradually paying off our debts.

"Now just when things were brighter our troubles started again. His present chief has found out that there is a cloud hanging over my husband, and is making his life unbearably miserable. His nerves are not of the strongest, and he cannot sleep or eat. I am terribly afraid he will break down under the strain.

"If this happened he could not expect to have another chance, and I wonder if you could advise us what steps we ought to take?"

IT is not easy to know what to say in a problem of this kind. I am dealing with a man whose health is not of the best. If he faces up to his trouble it may break him physically. And if that happens, as my correspondent says, their position would be tragic.

What is wanted is for this man to be supported in his fight against that bully of a chief. Cannot my correspondent suggest somebody who will take up the cudgels on his behalf? What about that former schoolmaster who has been so kindly disposed towards him? A bully often ceases his persecution when he discovers that his victim has friends to help him.

And there is one further step that leads to victory. The husband of my correspondent must re-establish faith in himself. Let him make up his mind that his false steps of the past are over and done with! Let him resolve that there will be no cause for complaint in the future!

There is no man who cannot break down the shackles of the past if he only makes up his mind to do so. The greatest gift ever bestowed upon human nature is the capacity to say: "I may be 'down,' but I am not 'out.'"

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Nerve Exhaustion results from starvation of the nerve cells, notably of the brain. These centres of nerve activity, the basis of health and vigour, do not, through under-nourishment, receive sufficient new vital energy from the nervous system, the reason being that by a vicious circle, the sufferer does not absorb from his daily food all the concentrated nutrient necessary for the Nerve cells to adequately live and thrive. In this condition, so often due to worry, anxiety, sleeplessness, overwork, etc., ordinary "tonics" are useless. Often they are positively harmful through producing a short-lived delusive relief leaving the last condition worse than the first. Nothing has been proved to be more effective for restoring this lost Nutrition than the brand of concentrated nerve food advocated by Dr. Muller which is far and away the best in its class. No cooking or preparation is required, you simply eat four or five pieces a day, any time, but preferably after meals. Keep this practice up for a few weeks and you will not know yourself as the same person. Dr. Muller's preparation is identical with the natural nutrient the nerve cells live upon. It is a marvellous reconstructive in mental and physical exhaustion and revitalises the brain and nerve centres in a natural way.

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MEN with a LOAD of DYNAMITE

LOADED with two tons of the high explosive known as T.N.T., a lorry recently raced through the streets of Doncaster at a speed estimated by various observers at between forty and forty-five miles an hour. The driver, charged under the Road Acts for speeding, was fined £5.

Many people must have wondered what would have happened if that lorry of deadly explosive had hit anything.

Actually, nothing very serious would have occurred. T.N.T., though one of the most powerful of all high explosives, is also about the safest in this respect. It needs a very powerful detonating agent indeed to "set it off," and it must be packed tightly, just as it is, say, in an artillery shell.

Assuming the worst had happened to that lorry and it had caught fire, the T.N.T. would have merely burned away. It would have been a nasty blaze, of course, though nothing the fire brigade couldn't have handled.

That fact is reassuring; but are more dangerous, more unstable explosives than T.N.T. carried about the country in lorries through the streets of our villages and towns? And, if so, what are the safeguards, and are they adequate enough?

It may be asked also: Is *anybody* allowed to transport explosives—is there no law to prevent one's neighbour in a train, for instance, from carrying a suitcase full of high explosive?

This country's record of immunity from explosions in conveyances is, of course, an answer in itself to those questions.

While thousands of tons of explosives of every kind are moved about the roads of Britain every year, the most stringent

Making munitions is a ticklish business—but even the man in the factory does not have to be so careful as the man who drives the gunpowder lorry

regulations exist controlling their every movement.

In the first place, the law allows you to carry up to 5 lb. of explosive in a vehicle plying for public hire, but only certain kinds of explosives of the inert, safe type. Whole classes such as the highly dangerous "fulminates," and some of the ammunition and firework classes, are entirely prohibited.

This 5 lb. concession is given so as to cause the least hardship and inconvenience to the public. Otherwise the sportsman carrying cartridges in a 'bus, or a householder bringing Christmas crackers home to the children, would both be liable to prosecution.

BUT that is the limit of concession—thereafter there are drastic statutory regulations.

From the minute a consignment of dangerous explosive leaves the factory gates the regulations take hold of it. It goes first to one of the hundreds of storage magazines which are dotted about the countryside. These magazines are always placed in out-of-the-way spots and the amount allowed by law to be stored there is dictated by the nearness of the closest habitation or main road—in other words, by "the *débris* range," in the event of an explosion.

If the consignment goes by rail it is sent in special "gunpowder" vans, and these vans must be separated at minimum distances from each other by vans containing ordinary merchandise.

The amount of explosive to be stored in magazines and railway vans, and the way in which it is transported, has also been worked out by experience from previous accidents. Nothing is guessed at in the regulations. Nothing is left to chance.

From the magazine the explosive is taken to the purchaser—say, a colliery or a quarry—by the manufacturer's selling agent. He uses his own lorries, which must be of a special type. Any casual haulage contractor cannot cater for this work. For one thing, it would not pay him. The lorries would be too expensive.

They are so built that the container is entirely separated from the engine by a fireproof screen. It must be entirely lined with wood and covered with sheet metal. Even the engine exhaust is not allowed to run out to the back. It must be taken out beneath the driving cab or engine.

There are numerous other regulations to be obeyed. One well-known explosives firm summarises over thirty of them in its instructions to carters.

AT least two men must always accompany the lorry. Its maximum speed, in special circumstances, must not exceed twenty-five miles per hour, and it is strictly forbidden for the driver to loiter or unnecessarily delay the lorry's passage through towns or villages. Fire-fighting apparatus must be carried and no smoking is allowed.

The packing of explosives within the lorry is another matter governed by regulation. Two "short" tons, or 4,000 lb., is the limit. Certain kinds of explosives are not allowed to be mixed. If detonators are carried with blasting material there is a maximum of 2,000 and they must be packed in special cases.

These deadly and delicate explosives have a regulation all to themselves. This, too, has been evolved from experience—an explosion on a vessel in the Thames as long ago as 1877. A workman slipped and dropped a case of detonators on top of another. The whole ship went up and took three men with it.

Detonators must now be packed in sawdust and felt in an inner box, with a 3-inch air space, and an outer box, so that there is ample "crushing space."

Behind all these regulations are the officials of the Explosives Department of the Home Office. There are four of them constantly on the road, stopping and examining explosives lorries to see that regulations are being obeyed, and visiting magazines and explosives factories.

They never give any notice of their coming. Their job is to see that explosives packing is properly done. They will descend suddenly on a magazine, for instance, commandeer a filled gunpowder barrel from stock and have it dropped to the ground from a height to see if the staves hold and there is no leakage. A leaking powder barrel is serious. Even a trail of a few grains becomes an instantaneous fuse.

THEY take away boxes of detonators and do the same to them at one of the Home Office's private testing works. A manufacturer who allows a slightest fault in the packing lets himself in for a bad time. There are heavy fines for offences. If there are too many he loses his licence and his business.

It has been said that Nobel's discovery of dynamite had as great an influence on modern industry as Watt's invention of the steam engine. There must always be an enormous amount of explosives carried about the high roads, or many industries would cease altogether.

But the general public has nothing to fear from these loads of deadly explosive. Their capacity for havoc is chained and fastened down by hosts of regulations until all risks are negligible.

And those regulations are enforced by experts, each with a dictator's powers, whose duty motto, first and last, is: "The price of safety is eternal vigilance."

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST AND MERCURY: "He had a private CONVERSION."

HERNE BAY PRESS:—"Jack Hylton and his BAND."

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"Among these primitives the expedition finds living a woman of fair COMPLETION and modern type."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"Mr. ——, president of the Society, extended the WOOD wishes of its members."

EVENING CITIZEN:—"Her mother wore pastel-GLUE satin."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"A jockey, who was alleged to have been picked up from the gutter, had BEER bailed out on a charge of being drunk and disorderly."

MACCLESFIELD COURIER AND HERALD:—"Shorthand Typist with knowledge of FINING systems."

HARROGATE ADVERTISER:—"Much interest has been taken during the week in the English countryside film, 'The Changing GEAR.'"

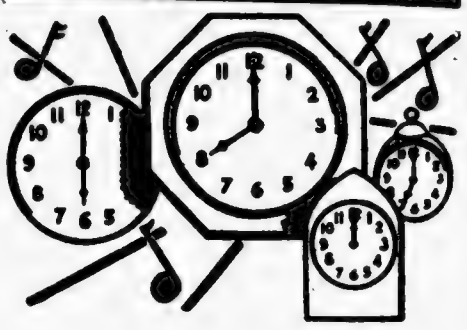
WELSH GAZETTE:—"So that the floors and OFFICERS could be scrubbed oftener."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"——'s car struck the rear of a POSY."

NEWRY REPORTER:—"Neither parties sounded their CORNS."

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EXPRESS:—"SILVER CIGARETTES were presented to the individual members of the runners-up team."

Any time's Corn Flake time



Breakfast, lunch, tea or supper—any time's the right time to serve these crisp, crunchy flakes of toasted corn. With cold milk or cream, honey or syrup, peaches or sliced bananas, they make every meal a feast.

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And nothing could be better for them because Kellogg's Corn Flakes are light and delicious. Economical too. One packet costs only a few pence and provides many servings. Your grocer stocks Kellogg's in the red-and-green packet.

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RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½D PER OZ.

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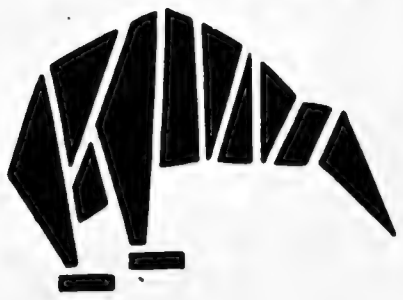

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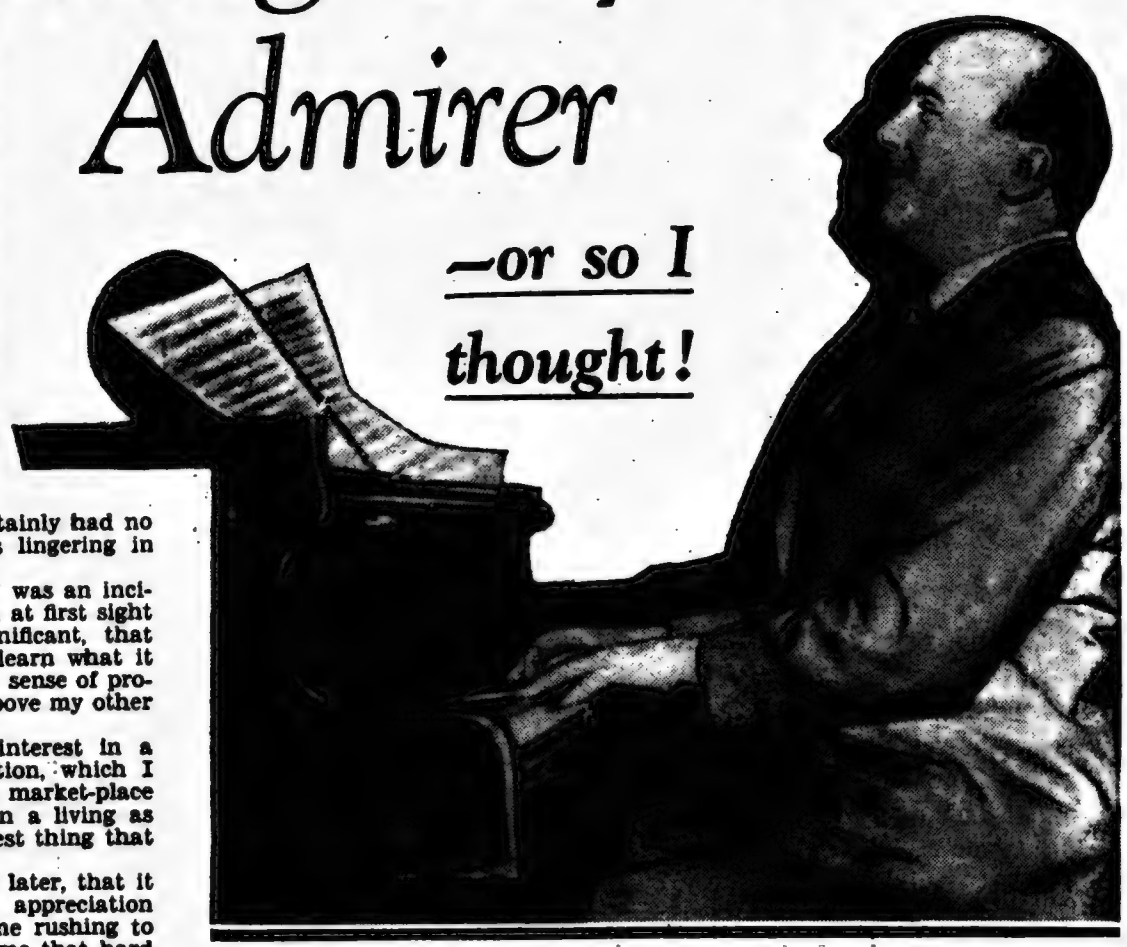
Finding My First Admirer

—or so I thought!



Horatio Nicholls plays one of his own song "hits"—and thinks of another occasion when he played a ramshackle piano in the market-place . . .

by

Horatio Nicholls

I HAVE conducted as many as fifty different bands in thirty days. I have lost six thousand francs on the tables at Nice, and then come home to England to be acclaimed as the man who won £60,000 and broke the bank!

I have written so many hundreds of songs that both Horatio Nicholls and Lawrence Wright are supposed to be prolific composers—and I am *both*.

I tell you this to show I have got as much "kick" out of life as most people, and have certainly had no lack of thrilling moments lingering in my memory.

Yet my "greatest hour" was an incident that will seem to you at first sight so small, so utterly insignificant, that you will think, until you learn what it meant to me, that I lack a sense of proportion in putting it far above my other great moments.

An unknown woman's interest in a song of my own composition, which I inflicted on a crowd in a market-place when I was trying to earn a living as a poor boy, was the greatest thing that ever happened to me.

And although I learned, later, that it couldn't have meant any appreciation of my poor effort, it set me rushing to London for a job, taught me that hard work would get me where I longed to be, and so proved to be a tremendous influence on my career.

But let me tell you the whole story, and let you see the full significance of it as far as I was concerned.

I was born in my father's tiny music-shop at a time when he was trying desperately to earn enough to be able to afford an extra member of the family.

Within very few years I was picking out little tunes that I thought were the early efforts of a great composer, although my father and everybody else doomed to hear them said they resembled nothing so much as a cat-and-dog fight on a zinc roof!

I built up giant ambitions as I sat in the little shop, writing out my own compositions. And everything seemed rosy and bright until one day there came that moment of Disillusion that must have made all the difference between success and failure for many thousands of people.

Market-place audience

I surveyed all the songs I had written—and failed to sell. And as I looked at them the mood of depression fell deeper and deeper upon me. I felt that I knew, at last, that I would never be able to sell a note of music, and so, abandoning my composing ambitions there and then, I decided to sell cheap copies of music in market-places.

I bought a second-hand piano that looked, and sounded, as though it were going to drop to pieces at any moment. I armed myself with music that I thought would "get over" in the biggest market-place—not my own music, I am sorry to say, as nobody had confidence enough in me to print any.

And soon I was earning a bread-and-butter existence, just enough to feel that I was not a drag on my father's lean income.

Yet still I went on composing (or discomposing, it seemed to me!) in my intervals of depression. And, feeling that I had got to get somebody to listen to my tunes, I began to try them out on my market-place audiences very shyly and sheepishly, without telling them they were my own work.

I would like to flatter myself and say my audiences were overwhelmed, but it wouldn't be true to say so. They looked—well . . . they were no more impressed than if I had been tapping a sheet of brass in any old rhythm with a couple of toffee hammers.

And so, slowly and surely, the last dregs of my ambition died within me. I contracted an "inferiority complex" as bad as any young man can.

Until one glorious, blessed hour in which a solitary individual was to show an interest in my life, and so become, as I believed at that moment, my first admirer, a rather shabby, middle-aged woman.

I refuse to tell you the song. Why should I myself produce it in evidence against myself! Suffice it to say, that the scene was Leicester Market-place, the day one of hot sunshine without a whisper of breeze, and the characters in the drama myself, at that time a raw-looking, thinnish youth seated at the old piano already described, and the mixed type of crowd any noise will draw in any market-place.

I worked my way through my pile of music, selling a copy here and there. I sandwiched a few fragments of my own work in between, and then I banged my piano and threw open my mouth to render my last masterpiece, the song I was proudest of.

I looked twice because I couldn't believe it, and then I wasn't sure of my own eyes.

Carried away!

There, right before me, was the shabby-looking woman I have mentioned, and unless I was suffering from some sort of delusion she was beating time with her finger and gazing with the raptness of the most ardent music-lover during some great night at the opera.

What does a man have to do at such a moment? Dash up to her and thank her? I must confess I didn't know. A new ambition was spouting up in me like one of those big exhibition fountains! Yet all I could do was to pour a description of what had just happened into the ear of my father.

Somebody had confirmed my own opinion of that song. Good! There must be many more people in the world who would think the same if I could find them. And if hard work would help me to search them out, it would be done.

That woman would undoubtedly like to buy my work. Why should the fact that nobody would print it deter her?

Thinking thus, and burning with new activity all the time, I went to the conductor of a local music-hall and got him to play that piece at his evening entertainment as the work of Mr. Lawrence Wright, the "local composer."

And with my ears magnifying a hundredfold the applause that I heard that night, I went up to London and persuaded a leading firm of music publishers to give me a job, kept on composing, got my compositions printed, and then made them "go."

That one woman . . .

When things slipped back a bit, and I felt that inferiority complex returning, I conjured up again the picture of that woman in the market-place, and told myself that she wanted my work, and it was up to me to give it her and her kind. When I composed, she was the woman for whom I was writing.

Incidentally, I was once told by a famous author that, in his very earliest days, he saw a girl reading his first novel in a train. Ever since then he has not sat down to write for a big public, but to tell a yarn to interest that girl. And the results were excellent.

That's how it was with me. That woman in the market-place exemplified my public, and I must confess my work was better for the thought.

Then, some three years later, came Disillusion again.

My father broke the news to me that he had spoken to that woman who was supposed to have beaten out the rhythm of my song. And she had done no such thing. She was, indeed, stone deaf!

For six months I felt I couldn't write another note. I absolutely dried up—until a big success came along to restore my confidence.

Perhaps that shouldn't have been the greatest hour in my life. For one thing, I was not entitled to the appreciation I thought I was getting. But the fact remains that it was, and still is to-day, the hour of my life I would most like to live over again.

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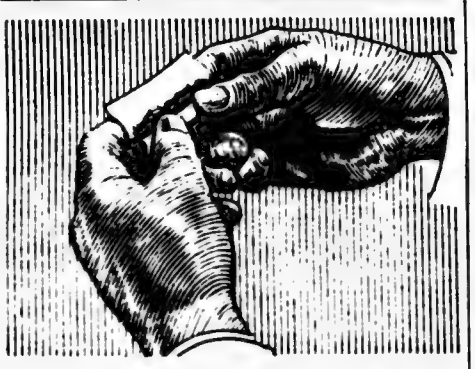

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The "Black Bradman" and his FRIENDS

WHEN the West Indian cricketers step on to the field at Lord's on Saturday to meet England in the first Test match they will be greeted as the most popular visiting team that has ever reached these shores.

Since the season opened the West Indians, with their large, dusky contingent, have made hosts of friends on county cricket grounds all over the country.

They have done this for two reasons. First, because they play bright and entertaining cricket of the type that the crowd loves. Secondly, because the team contains some exceedingly interesting personalities.

Chief among them, for instance, is George Headley, the star of the team, who has already won for himself the title of "the Black Bradman."

Apart from his batting prowess, he is rather similar in height and build to the Australian wonder, but a little more powerful about the shoulders.

He is probably one of the greatest batsmen in the world, and the proud owner of an almost unique distinction—*he never made a "duck" in his life.*

Headley scores on the grand scale. He made a brilliant 334 not out against Lord Tennyson's team when it toured the West Indies some time ago, and hit up 224 not out against Somerset a fortnight ago. And at Derby last Friday he was 200 not out.

Tiger-spring

George Headley is a Jamaican, who is very serious about his cricket and takes the greatest care of himself. When he has to bat in the morning he goes to bed early the previous night.

He is a stern critic, too, of his colleagues. One day he was watching his team batting. A batsman who had scored a meritorious and valuable fifty hit at a leg-ball and missed. "Had no right to miss that ball," said Headley, shaking his head.

He is a striking figure in the field at cover. You see him with his hands stuck in his pockets, his shirt collar turned up, and his back hunched as if he is very cold. His trousers will sometimes bulge over his boots.

Then suddenly the hands come out of the pockets. He springs like a tiger at the ball and the next instant the bails are off.

Besides being a super-cricketer, Headley is a student of the Bible, and the present writer has heard him arguing over a Scriptural reference with his white skipper, Grant, who is also a Biblical expert.

George Headley, the star of the team, makes an odd-looking stroke—it's his "special," and he's proud of it

Most people at Lord's on Saturday will be interested in Achong, the slow bowler. "Which is the Chinaman?" they will ask. But Achong is not a full-blooded Chinaman. His father is only partly Chinese, and his mother is not Chinese at all. Yet "Puss," which is his nickname, has something of the Oriental impassivity in him that is very useful for a slow bowler.

Achong is the poet of the team. He takes a great delight in making up impromptu verses, which he sings to popular West Indian tunes. He can go on doing this by the hour, adding to the verses as he goes along. It is pretty certain that he has already composed a few on English cricketers and tried them out on Roach and Ben Sealey, his special dusky pals from Trinidad.

Barrow is a Jamaican, who, like Headley, takes his cricket very seriously. In Australia he used to go in "low down."

His "special"

"In Australia," he once told me, "I used to make fifteen or sixteen and then open out because I felt on top of the bowling. I always used to *get out*, so I came to the conclusion that the thing to do was not to feel on top of the bowling."

He has followed this policy most successfully since he came to England. Starting at number nine when the tour began, he now goes in first, and has many fine scores.

He makes an odd-looking stroke off the edge of his bat through the slips. It looks like a miss-hit, but it is not really. He does it over and over again. His comrades chaff him about it, but Barrow is very proud of his "special."

Griffith, or "Griff," is one of the coloured veterans. He stands no nonsense from anybody. Once he travelled from Barbados to play in Trinidad, and was met by the President of the West Indian Cricketing Board of Control.

The President was heard to say afterwards: "I have met 'Griff' and seen about his rooms at the hotel and made all arrangements. Everything is quite all right and 'Griff' is satisfied."

He is "Uncle Griff" to the team now, and takes a fatherly interest in the younger players.

Jack Grant, the white captain, is young and very keen, with the result that he is sometimes over-anxious.

"Griff" noted this once, and did not like it, so he took the skipper aside and said: "Look here, skipper, if you worry yourself like this you won't be able to do justice to yourself as a batsman."

Sanitary inspectors!

"Griff," himself a fast bowler, is never happier than when he is hitting an opposing fast bowler for two or three fours in an over.

He takes great pride in the success of Martindale, who plays under him in their club at home. They have several bonds of union. Both are Barbadians, both are fast bowlers, and both are—sanitary inspectors at home!

Another of the visiting veterans is Hoad, a Scot by birth who grew up in the West Indies. He has the dry, pawky humour characteristic both of the Barbadians and the Scots. When during one match the team hoped that a certain batsman would hit a troublesome slow bowler for a six, Hoad commented: "Six? Why, man, *he* couldn't hit a six in a soup plate."

No picture of the team would be complete without Constantine, as typical and outstanding an example of West Indian cricketing methods as "Ranji" was among his brother Indians.

But unfortunately Constantine is not to play until the Test at Old Trafford. The Nelson Club, in the Lancashire League, for which he plays, has refused to release him for the other tests. His absence will balance the loss of Larwood in the English team, which now seems possible owing to his foot injury.

C. L. R.

BACK-DOOR *Thieves*

A NUMBER of housewives in Glasgow have been swindled recently by an expert gang of back-door rogues.

The swindles have been varied in character, but the same gang is behind them all.

In Maryhill the women who were duped were called upon by two men purporting to represent one of Glasgow's biggest drapery houses. They told the women they had been instructed to start the distribution of "lines" entitling housewives to receive goods at wholesale prices and reduced prices for cash payments.

All that the women had to do was to pay 6d. in the £ on the goods they wanted, and then to call upon the warehouse people to see the stocks from which they could choose.

The 6d. in the £, the rogues explained, was merely their commission.

Immediate delivery of goods chosen from a printed catalogue could be had on payment of 6d. in the £ deposit, plus 2s. 6d. as a "fidelity guarantee." And scores of women, victims of plausible tongues, parted with sums varying from 6d. to 5s.

The Glasgow C.I.D. was called in when the firm concerned was approached by seventy women, all presenting bogus "wholesale lines."

But the scoundrels who worked the trick are still at large.

Presumably the same men extensively worked the "bread-knife" fraud in Govan. There, housewives were asked to purchase 2s. 6d. worth of window-cleaning spirits, contained in two large bottles and one small bottle. The bottles were offered separately at 1s. each, but to every woman who bought 2s. 6d. worth the men offered a bread-knife.

The bread-knife was shown to be of the finest steel. The men stated that, on the presentation of a voucher to a well-known Glasgow ironmonger's, they would get the knife. It was, they said, the new method of advertising adopted by the ironmonger.

But, having parted with their money, the housewives, many of them wives of unemployed men, found that the ironmonger knew less of the salesmen than they did!

Returning home, the women found the window-cleaning spirits to be only coloured water!

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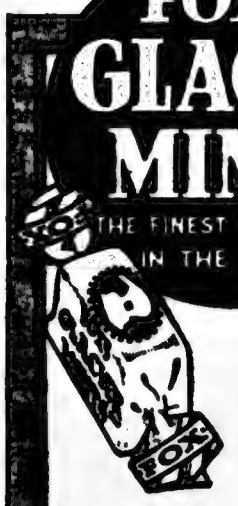

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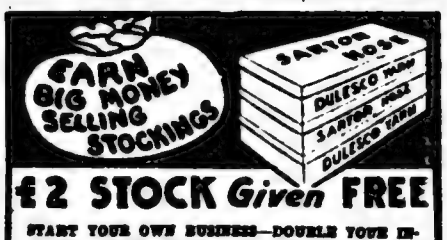

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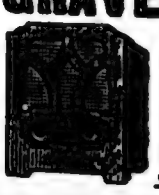

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The Pleasure I Cling To Most

by LETTER PARLIAMENT CONTRIBUTORS

OF all the pleasures which this life affords the one to which I would cling is my work.

If work is not a pleasure then life is not worth living, because, to the majority, the greater part of life is spent at it. Even when the holidays come we realise how our job is a part of ourselves, and feel for a time like fishes out of water.

So although "all work and no play" makes Jack a dull boy, many through unemployment have found out that "no work and all play" makes duller "boys" still.—*D. M. Pike, Notts.*

For the Old Folk

Once a week my wife accompanies me to an old-fashioned cottage nestling in a village three miles away.

There we have tea with the "old folk," and afterwards exchange the week's news, look round and praise dad's garden, and have a friendly game of whist or listen to the wireless.

A small matter, perhaps, and unexciting, but one that strengthens family ties and gives the old people pleasure, too. I would not miss our weekly visit for anything.—*R. D., Southend.*

Happy Together

My greatest delight after working hours is teaching my schoolboys the way to "play the game." In the summer it is cricket and swimming, and in winter it is football and boxing.

As yet I have not produced a Larwood or a Bradman. But I don't care! I am happy with my boys in their games; they are happy with me.

Rob me of this after-school pleasure and I would "be poor indeed."—*D. Williams, S. Wales.*

Watching Shadows

I realise myself best when "loafing" beneath a tree. Few know the voluptuous, dreamy happiness of the perfect "loaf."

Great thoughts arise unbidden, dreams gather, and all the faculties of your nature push out spring buds as you lie full length in the grass watching the shadows of its blades across your book.—*Norman Jump, Lancs.*

Awheel

Cycling is surely one of the most healthful and pleasurable joys of life. To drift along a country lane, breathing in the pure, sweet air of the countryside, far away from the cares of the smoky city.

To explore the old churches and ruins that one continually finds in our wonderful England. Then homewards in the cool of the evening responding to the cheery greetings of other wheelfolk.

To all who would have health—which surely should be our first consideration—I say take up cycling and feel fit and strong to resist all hardships.—*David A. Lees, Salford.*

Active Service

I derive my greatest pleasure, as a branch secretary of a union, by rendering service to hundreds of my comrades and serving my city by taking an active part on local committees.

To win a case before a Court of Referees or to get some shop-assistant his lawful half-day holiday gives one lasting pleasure.

Life without service would become dreary to me; it would be very difficult to keep my mind occupied and my health up to pitch.—*H. B., Wakefield.*

Magic Pictures

My once-a-week visit to the kinema. It is surprising how the pictures transport one to a hitherto unknown world, where delightful people one can never know and scenes one may never visit are brought close by sheer magic.

I am very thankful for such a marvellous invention as the kinema, because it has brought great beauty into my own life, and inspired the lives of millions of others.—*Mildred Livingston, London.*

Train Appeal

When a little chap I lived in a country cottage near a railway bridge, and the greatest joy of my life was to stand on the bridge, watch for the trains as they passed, and wave to the engine-driver.

After spending over forty years on the railway, I again live near a railway bridge, and the pleasure I think I could never bear to give up is just to watch the trains go by.—*Retired Engine-Driver, Edinburgh.*

Content

Fishing is one of the greatest pleasures that one can find. It is healthy for both the mind and body. The keen angler spends many hours in the fresh air, and consequently derives much benefit from his outings.

He soon develops a contented mind, and feels at peace with the world. All his troubles are forgotten in that feeling of satisfaction which overcomes him. Not till then does he realise and appreciate the qualities and pleasure of fishing.—*M. G. Sills, Coventry.*

Whole World

What I should hate to give up is the simple task of caring for my hubby and baby girl.

It is lovely to sit down to a meal prepared by myself and hear hubby's praise, and, oh! the joy of baby lips thanking you in baby ways for all you have done.

To hear her lisping "Mummy, I want you," to know that hubby and baby always want you, and that I could not do without them—this is my whole world and greatest pleasure.—*E. R., Endon.*

Brings Happiness

Reading is my choice. The lover of reading never wearies of his pursuit; it is always springing some delightful surprise upon him.

To meet in books the great characters of history and the no less real figures of fiction is to make life-long friends.

There comes a time to all of us when sports and games must be abandoned and when the pleasures of youth no longer appeal. Reading will still bring happiness—when the memory of more active joys is dimmed and forgotten.—*R. V. Collman, New Cross.*

Recharged

I have a "golden hour"—one hour in each week, which for years has been the one great joy and pleasure I would give up last of all.

In that hour I refuel my soul for its struggle throughout each successive week, and I gain such fortitude, courage and strengthened faith that few men can battle through life as free from worry as I can.

My "golden hour" is spent at our little mission-hall every Sunday evening, where I find my priceless recharge of energy and belief in God—and man.—*E. W. S., Harwich.*

* * *

Being able to drop a copper or two into the hand of some hard-hit down-and-out. My joy is in seeing tired, hopeless eyes light up, with a whispered "Thank you."—*D. McGlachie, Berks.*

Swimming—what a glorious feature of youth does this portray. It is a service to oneself and to others, the latter being an admirable asset.—*E. Morgan, Abertridwr.*

Letter writing is my greatest pleasure. I like to keep in touch with my friends and acquaintances, to help and encourage them whenever possible.—*E. R., Sheffield.*

My piano. When I am lonely it gives me companionship; when I am distressed it cheers me up.—*W. M. B., Cambuslang.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

An Eclipse Worth Winning

THE Eclipse Stakes, due to be run on July 14, is the next big race, and, as the prize money is over £11,000, the competition will be keen.

This "classic" is for three and four-year-olds, and I should say that Lord Astor's horses have the best record in the race.

Buchan won it for him in 1919 and in 1920, Craig an Eran presented him with the spoils in 1921. Two years later he ran Bold and Bad and Saltash. The former was a hot favourite, but lived up to his name and finished unplaced. Saltash, without a friend in the market, made all the running and won readily.

The Manton patron has Mannamead and Canon Law engaged this year, and he must stand a wonderful chance.

F. Darling has five in the "Eclipse"—Manitoba, Lochiel, Titian, Havelock and Tai Yang. I am not enamoured of any of them.

The St. Leger winner, Firdaussi, will be a menace to the best, but owing to penalties incurred he has top weight, 9 st. 7 lb., to carry. If Gainslaw takes his chance he should go close.

Sandown Park and Doncaster will stage excellent programmes this week-end, and it may be easier to spot a few winners at the Surrey fixture

The June Rose Handicap is the chief attraction, and looks "good" for Sanity. Whin may win the Wellington Handicap, and I suggest Silver Araby and Arethusa for the Saturday "double."

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 22, to Wednesday, June 28:

P U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M
V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach us by first post Tuesday, June 27.

When "John Bull" Helped Me

MORE REAL-LIFE STORIES of NEW-FOUND HEALTH

Triumph upon Triumph for

Dr. Cassell Tablets

Brand

NEARLY COLLAPSED AT MY WORK

Headaches—Indigestion Rheumatism—Neuralgia

The time was 9 p.m. The lady I was talking to was Miss D. Quinn, of Downham.

"How did you regain your health so quickly?" I asked.

Like a flash came the answer.

"It was due entirely to Dr. Cassell Tablets!"

"And what was your trouble?"

"I had a very serious breakdown in health" she replied. **"I was always weak and ailing. When my head did not ache—I had terrible indigestion. If my head and my stomach were alright—then I was sure to have rheumatic pains. If the rheumatics stopped I would be agonised by neuralgia. There was always something wrong with me.**

"Treatment after treatment was of no use. Then came the awful day—just a fortnight ago—when I was so bad that I nearly collapsed at my work. And a colleague said 'You can't go on like this—have you tried Dr. Cassell Tablets?' 'No' I answered. 'Well try them at once' he urged.

"I did—and a new life commenced for me. It was just 14 days ago—but look at the result. I'm a new woman! And I advise every sufferer to try Dr. Cassell Tablets without delay."

Worn-Out & Getting Weaker Every Day

Dr. Cassell Tablets *conquer years of suffering.*

A vivid description of his years of suffering, marvellously ended in a few short weeks, was given to me to-day by Mr. Stark, of Pitsea. He pays a magnificent tribute to Dr. Cassell Tablets — the wonderful tonic which is bringing new health to thousands all over the world.

"Imagine" said Mr. Stark "sitting down to a good appetising meal and finding you can't eat because of the awful griping pains and flatulence.

"Picture waking up in the morning, feeling even more worn-out than when you went to bed.

"That is what I suffered. I was hungry but afraid to eat—weary but unable to sleep—worn-out and getting weaker every day."

"And all this was only a few weeks ago?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, **"and if it hadn't been for Dr. Cassell Tablets I should still be the same—only worse. But this marvellous tonic has made me a new man. I shall always be grateful to Dr. Cassell Tablets."**

Secure from your Chemist a 1/3 *bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton.* **ALL CHEMISTS, 1/3 & 3/-.**

Awful Attacks of PAIN

Wonder Working Dr. Cassell Tablets

"What sort of pain did you suffer from?" I asked Mrs. McCormac, of South Kensington.

"It was a form of Sciatica. A darting pain would shoot right up my leg from ankle to hip. It seemed as if every nerve in my body was inflamed. Often a sudden attack of this trouble used to paralyse my system, made me stop whatever I was doing, and at the next moment had gone, leaving me breathless and exhausted.

"But Dr. Cassell Tablets benefited me in every way. My nerves had become very 'shaky,' but Dr. Cassell Tablets built them up in no time. And although I had suffered from upset stomach Dr. Cassell Tablets invigorated my health entirely."

Agonised victims of

HEADACHES, INSOMNIA
GENERAL WEAKNESS
KIDNEY TROUBLE
INDIGESTION, ANAEMIA
NERVES, NEURASTHENIA
RHEUMATIC TROUBLES
NEURALGIA, NEURITIS

all find joyous and speedy relief.

YEARS OF SUFFERING

Banished in 1 Month!

I am proud to tell the public that I am the only interviewer to have had the unique opportunity of speaking personally to Mr. Hingerty of London, W.C., about his wonderful health experience.

Dr. Cassell Tablets have certainly made a new man of him. When I arrived I was met by a man who absolutely radiated health and strength, and when I told him my errand he was only too eager to tell me the true facts of his wonderful restoration to health.

"For years" said Mr. Hingerty, **"my life had been made miserable by the very worst condition of health possible—yet in one month Dr. Cassell Tablets renewed my health and my life itself!"**

"My nerves were wrecked and nothing could bring me relief from the awful horror of sleeplessness. Then I tried Dr. Cassell Tablets and the trouble was removed and my nerves were rebuilt in a remarkably quick time."

"I was prostrated with weakness and undermined with lack of nervous energy, but how wonderfully quickly Dr. Cassell Tablets restored my strength and energy."

"Although indigestion had been an ever-present torture, weakening my stomach and spreading pains all over my body, I found glorious relief in Dr. Cassell Tablets."

Dr. Cassell Tablets

Brand

WIN THIS X-WORD LIFE PENSION, BIG CHEQUE & HOLIDAY PRIZES

20/- A WEEK FOR LIFE and **£200** OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £500 and **£20 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE** COMMENCING AUG. 1933

INCREASED HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP £150

£100 EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP WHO HAVE SENT TWO 6D ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

ADDED AWARD OF SEASON TICKET – for all winners registered for "John Bull's" free weekly Crossword Gazette by closing date - providing 80 free entry forms for "John Bull's" Crossword Contest. Use coupon on page 38. VALUE £2

OPEN ONE WEEK ONLY.

IF you want £200 at once, 20s. once a week and a £20 Holiday Cheque once a year, this week's fine 3-in-1 prize for a Crossword brings all three within your reach. You may well solve your holiday problems for life as well as most of your others if you get down to the problem below in time to make an entry by noon, Thursday, June 29.

Another special feature of our Crossword Holiday Offer is that the Runners-up prize has run up to £150, while a further £100 cash will also be distributed in connection with this contest.

Start filling up those blank squares now—and you may soon be leaving for the seaside with a pocketful of prize-money.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 20/- a week, a £20 yearly Holiday cheque and £200 cash (or a lump sum of £500 cash) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 6, 1933, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 13, 1933.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 218—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1933.

J·B·218

J·B·218

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O.

value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

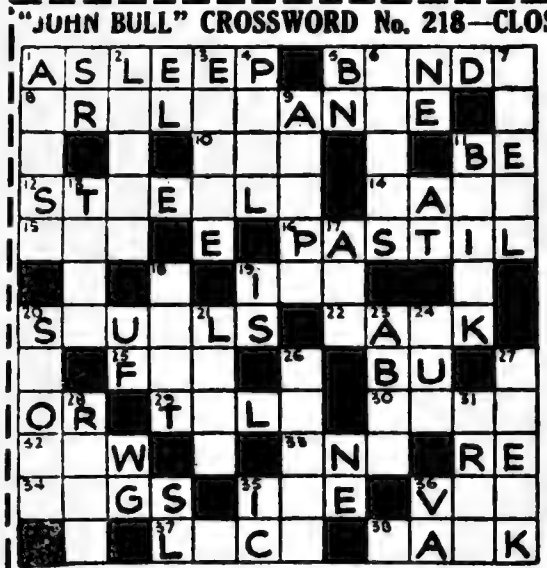
ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 218—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1933.



J·B·218

J·B·218

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose P.O.

value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY— "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 218, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

If entering two Double Entry Forms cut them out separately —add name and address to each.

SOLUTIONS of Crosswords Nos. 216 & 217, also Winners in Crossword No. 216, will appear next week as announced.

CLUES ACROSS

1. Slumbering.
5. They provide music at sea-side
8. State of being brilliant
10. Describes man of 70
12. Spire of a church
14. Well-known title
15. Enables you to hear
16. An alternative spelling of "pastel"
19. Belonging to it
20. They go with crossed bones
22. It weighs you down
25. Enemy
29. Fishermen's stories are usually this
30. Nasty look
32. Uncooked
33. Nine from ten leaves this
34. Hens provide them
35. Is found in Arctic seas
36. By way of
37. Lets you in when it turns
38. "Ruin" often follows this

CLUES DOWN

1. To do this is degrading
2. Brings strange spots before one's eyes
3. Run away for marriage
4. Tiny ball of medicine
6. It pays some to cultivate these
7. Often causes sea-sickness
9. Skilled
11. Describes a good man to employ
13. Not much good if it lacks point
17. Its bite may be dangerous
18. Is made on paper
20. Team-work makes it grow
21. What we want Britain's trade to do
23. Efficient
24. Billiards player uses this
26. Explained Sandy's anxiety in taxi
27. Sometimes occurs in the weather
28. Blows are often delivered in
31. Boy's name

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, June 29, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 13, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, July 25, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

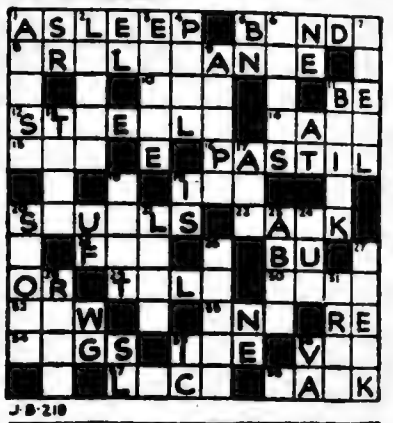
ENTRY FEE.
With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for one shilling.
See Rule 1.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

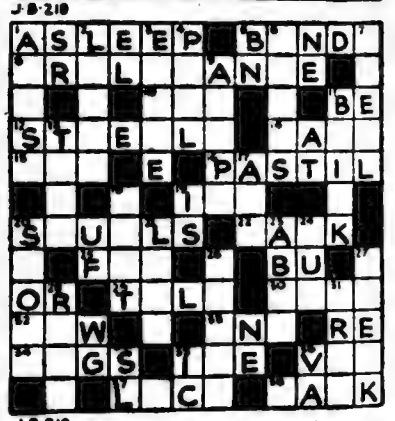
REGISTER for our free weekly *Crossword Gazette* with Coupon on page 38.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



J·B·218



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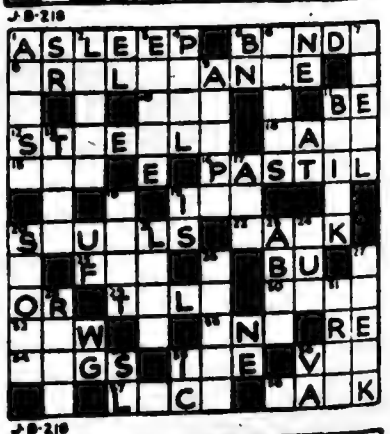

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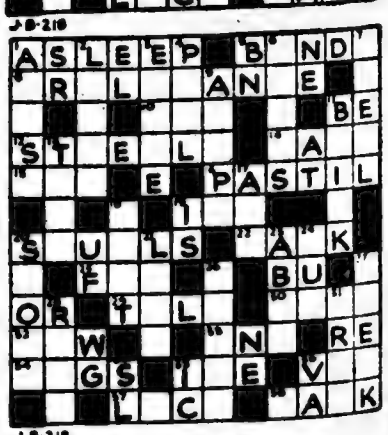


J·B·218

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The Editor Laughs LAST

ERNIE: by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

B. T. (Burnley).—"Men with big ears are impetuous." Men with thick ears have been.

MISS T. (Richmond).—"What are the most essential things in running a successful restaurant?" Customers.

C. K. (Woking).—"My brother is always chasing after girls." One day one of them will turn round and catch him.

CLERK (London, E.C.). — "At the office I am extremely punctual." In knocking off?

SANDY (Aberdeen).—"I gave up playing golf after eight games." Did you lose your ball?

G. M. (Princetown).—"How is it that the most gullible people are usually tall?" Maybe through having their legs pulled.

S. P. (Blackheath).—"Expensive misses can be seen at Lord's and the Oval any week." Yes, and every day in Bond Street.

J. C. (Fife).—"My wife is always taking money from my trouser pockets. What should I do about it?" Wear a kilt.

F. M. (Margate).—"If two cricket teams scored exactly the same number of runs, what would happen?" Some idiot in the crowd would shout "Snap."

H. P. (Oundle).—"Is the sting of a bee a good cure for rheumatism?" Yes, and also for inertia.

D. B. (Dover).—"What would you do if a man struck you?" How big a man are you supposing?

REGRETFUL (Hull).—"We can never overtake time." Maybe, but many a bandconductor beats it.

F. K. (Clacton).—"An American has bought up a number of old lighthouses." But surely he doesn't expect to make a corner in them.

N. C. (Manchester).—"When ordering a new car, what is the most vital point to remember?" That you must eventually pay for it.

M. S. (Epsom).—"The B.B.C. recently broadcast jazz music specially for Continental listeners." Yet we spend thousands a year on Peace Conferences.

R. V. (Hexham).—"I can't understand why so many people go to Egypt to see the pyramids." Well, it wouldn't be any good going anywhere else to see them.

I. T. (Scarborough).—"I went for a ten-mile walk on arriving here recently." You should have booked rooms beforehand.

O. L. (Stapleford).—"A certain new type of lorry has spikes at the back." We suppose something really had to be done to keep off the hikers.

MRS. P. (Dorking).—"After twenty years of married life my husband says he loves me still." Yes; most men prefer women that way.

DAD (Motherwell).—"My youngsters are growing by leaps and bounds." We shouldn't care to be the people in the flat beneath.

W. C. (Wembley).—"I have trained my terrier to work out simple problems in arithmetic." That's nothing—lots of snakes are adders.

J. S. (Norbury).—"Isn't there any remedy for the erection of monuments to dead politicians?" For our part, the more of that sort the merrier.

B. M. (Macclesfield).—"I'm afraid I look rather a fool on a tennis-court." Why did you expect to look different there?

MISS C. (Preston).—"What should a girl do when her fiancé starts to talk about love in a cottage?" Make sure he has the cottage.

MRS. B. (Chiswick).—"I bought my husband a shirt that was advertised to 'laugh at the laundry.'" And it came back with its sides split?

F. P. (Hampstead).—"I am trying to earn my living as a poet, but I find it very difficult to keep the wolf from my door." Have you tried reading your poems to the wolf?

L. H. (Anglesey).—"Why do some bulls wear rings in their noses?" Perhaps they are married.

J. B. (Surbiton).—"My life is a succession of ups and downs." You're a lift attendant?

SCULPTOR (Chelsea).—"Cubism is as good as done for." Unless they get a new angle on it.

W. P. (Guildford).—"The radio set occupies the corner once taken up by the cradle." But the howling is much the same.

G. G. (Stockport).—"Don't you admire the man who can keep away from the well-worn track?" Not if we happen to be riding in his taxi.

W. R. (Ashton).—"A Roman coin was recently found in a post-office inkwell." It's hard to believe that it hadn't been cleaned out since those far-off times.

WILL (York).—"My wife wants you to take back your jokes about women giving secrets away." Very well, then; they don't give them away—they exchange them.

FAN (Falkirk).—"Film actresses are usually very superstitious." We know of one who takes care never to be divorced on a Friday.

B. J. (Plymouth).—"Both my wife and I are apt to oversleep even though we have an alarm clock. Is there anything you can suggest?" Well, some married couples swear by a little heir in the room.

"Sycho" (Leytonstone).—"My education started on mother's knee." And ended on father's no doubt

F. B. (Hampstead). — "Gardening is expensive." You're always forking out?

J. J. (Totnes).—"I have some valuable goldfish." Twenty-two carat?

D. E. (Perth). — "I am the happiest man on earth." When is your wife returning?

JOHN (Luton).—"All the world loves a lover." Have you met her father yet?

BOXER (Glossop).—"In every fight the spectators have been with me." And you have wished you were with them?

DAISY N. (London).—"I earn my living by applying lipstick to clients in a beauty parlour." A hand-to-mouth existence.

S. P. (Doncaster).—"I love to see the sun on my lawn." Ours isn't big enough to hold it.

PSYCHOLOGIST (Hull). — "There are several degrees of love." After marriage it is often the third degree.

F. E. (Stafford).—"Many a man thinks he's got an iron will——" When he's really got only a wooden head.

H. M. (Bury).—"What makes a man leap from his bed on a bright summer morning?" Probably the fact that he's overslept himself again.

J. L. (London, S.).—"A man in court said that his wife struck him on the head with a cane chair he had given her." Lucky he didn't give her a solid mahogany one.

E. S. (Dover).—"Every great war inspires a soul-stirring song to immortalise its ideals." The last one gave us "Ma'mselle from Armentieres."

H. O. L. (Wakefield).—"Which is the best holiday month, do you think?" When we get a holiday month we will tell you.

R. M. (Colwyn Bay).—"A book has been published which traces the development of electric lighting." It should contain many illuminating facts.

G. H. (Staines).—"No boating party is complete without a ukulele." Used as an emergency paddle, a great advantage is that it is soon incapacitated as a musical instrument.

COCKNEY (Covent Garden).—"Although only a market fruiterer, I want to lose the habit of sounding my 'a' as 'i' . . ." It must be unfortunate when you shout "apples and gripes."

TYRO (Faringdon).—"Frankly, is there anything wrong with the enclosed article?" Yes; the length, the style, the spelling, the subject, the technique and the writing—otherwise it's all right.

P. R. (Holbeach).—"A girl trapezist does tricks held only by her partner's thumbs." That's nothing—we know a woman who hangs on to her husband's words.

J. H. (Nelson).—"This year's holiday is going to be my honeymoon trip." Why not take your trip Round the World? Globe-trotting for two, a Life Pension and £1,000 form the huge *Bullets* prize finally offered overleaf.

J. F. (Nuneaton).—"Then my wife said a thing that seemed hardly credible. I have not recovered yet from the shock." Yes, unexpected and rare compliments do shake one up.

E. T. (Westminster).—"A man was recently charged with trying to force his way into the House of Commons while in an intoxicated condition." This shows what desperate things drink will do to a man.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

ACIDITY THE CAUSE OF INDIGESTION.

Any medical man will tell you that most cases of indigestion and allied stomach troubles are caused by excess acid in the stomach, which, unless quickly counteracted, may ultimately ruin the digestive organs. This acid makes the food in your stomach ferment and thus form gases which cause painful distention. The common-sense remedy for acidity is 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which instantly neutralises excess acid, prevents fermentation, and soothes, heals and strengthens the acid-inflamed stomach lining. Doctors recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia because it never fails to give immediate relief. For the same reason it is used in hospitals. You can get 'Bisurated' Magnesia at all chemists, either powder or tablets, price 1s. 3d. If you suffer with indigestion take a little of the powder or two tablets after meals, for you will find there is no better, quicker, or surer way to a good digestion than this famous antacid used by thousands of people all over the world.

Remove Ugly Hair

A British Scientist has at last discovered a safe and scientific way of removing superfluous hair. Razors—which only make the hair grow faster and thicker—and all the old evil-smelling depilatory pastes are now definitely superseded. This new discovery, called Wenlo-White, is now incorporated in the New Veet, which dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots. The hair just falls away as if by magic. New Veet is delightfully perfumed and as easy and pleasant to use as a face cream. Just apply it direct from the tube and then wash it off with water—washing away the hair. Just as easy as that. No fuss, no bother, no unpleasant smell. Leaves the skin soft, white and smooth without a sign of hair; without even a shadow such as razors leave, because it removes the hair *below* the skin surface. Beware of imitations. Look on the label for NEW VEET. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address, Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 32 H), Cunard Road, Chase Estate, London, N.W.10.

FREE TO DOG LOVERS

A Free Sample Packet (full 6d. size) of Bob Martin's Condition Powders will be sent to every reader who writes to Bob Martin, Ltd., 43, Union Street, Southport, mentioning JOHN BULL, and stating breed and age of dog. Spare your dog these "hot weather miseries." Help him to be the healthy, joyful companion he wishes to be by securing this free sample now. Further particulars appear on p. 10.

STAGGERING MIDSUMMER

£4 A WEEK FOR LIFE and TRIP ROUND THE WORLD FOR TWO

IN THE LUXURY LINER ... S.S. "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN"

£200 · £50 · 12,569 OTHER PRIZES ... £25 · £20 · £19 · £18 · £17 · £16 · £15 · £14 · £13 · £12 · £11 · £10 · £9 · £8 · £7 · £6 · £5

2ND PRIZE 3RD PRIZE

Last Days To Capture This Sensational Prize!

After the Old World, on to the New! Here is a New York sight awaiting "John Bull's" travellers

THE greatest day in somebody's life is coming on Friday, July 14. Someone who enters a few words upon a *Bullets* coupon in this week's Record Midsummer Contest is going to receive on that day one of the most thrilling First Prize telegrams ever despatched from Long Acre.

This week's colossal 3-in-1 First Prize is to bring lifelong independence to its winner by a £4 weekly pension. It is to make him wealthy with a £1,000 cheque. And it will add a thousand thrills to those blessings by providing two tickets for a Trip Round the World.

During the last three weeks these columns have told you how a London 'bus driver, a busy woman "Bulleteer" and a Lowestoft schoolmaster have secured a huge reward for a few well-chosen words. To-day JOHN BULL finally offers for a *Bullet* a prize more than four times as big as that secured by any of these entrants—and there is no reason why it should not be *yours!*

Remember, too, that in addition to the Monster First Prize, as much as £1,087 cash in other awards is also waiting to be won by good *Bullets*. But time is flying. Begin on your *Bullets* to-day and see that they are in by Saturday, July 1.

FOLLOW THIS BUS DRIVER UP THE "BULLETS" HILL

Friends laughed at the persistence of this busman "Bulleteer"—but who is laughing now?

"WELL, Tom—what did you get out of *Bullets* last week?" That was the question one London bus driver put to a colleague at the Edgware Garage one recent Friday morning.

"Tom," who is Mr. T. Moys, of 137, Hale Drive, Mill Hill, replied that he had won a "Target" Prize.

"A Target?" snorted his friend. "I thought so. When I see the name of someone I know in the prize-list, I'll admit there's something in *Bullets*—not before!"

"Well, I believe this," retorted Mr. Moys. "In *Bullets*, just as in any other job, you get paid for it if your work is good enough."

* * *

Less than 24 hours later, Mr. Moys had the pleasure of proving the truth of those words to his friend. He did it with the contents of a little orange envelope which was waiting for him when he got home that Friday evening.

This message brought him JOHN BULL'S congratulations on winning £700 and a Week's Free Motoring in *Bullets* No. 895.

The few words which enabled this ex-sergeant-major to bring his friend smartly to attention were those he fitted into this telling and topical *Bullet*, GARDEN OF PEACE—HELP YOURSELF "TO PRODUCE"!

Grey-haired Mr. Moys told a JOHN BULL man that this victory had come after years of plodding in *Bullets*, with no bigger encouragement than two 2s. 6d. prizes. "Sometimes I've been disappointed," he said, "but I've always known there was a reason. What's the use of grousing about a failure, I say—forget it and begin again!"

"It's a bit early to say what I'll do with the money," the winner concluded, "but it will mean a good education for my three girls—and a fine summer holiday for them and the wife. Why, the youngest girl hasn't seen the sea yet!"

* * *

What a glorious holiday awaits the winner of *Bullets* Leviathan Midsummer First—not just a glimpse of the sea, but more than a hundred days of sailing through enchanted seas, seeing the world at JOHN BULL'S expense!

Tickets for two for the next World Cruise of the luxurious s.s. *Empress of Britain* combine with a £4 weekly Life Pension and £1,000 cash to form one of the finest *Bullets* opportunities ever placed within your reach.

Be quick to grasp it, for the last coupons are published this week!

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 899 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £700 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 895 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons, 10, Broad's Parade, Edgware.

£500 HUGE EXTRA CASH BONUS IN THIS CONTEST

to be divided between Registered Readers of "Bullets" Bulletin who use the Helper's Coupon in this week's Bulletin and who win a cash prize in "John Bull's" Record Midsummer Offer. Register for free 12 weeks' supply with coupon on this page.

£1,022 10s. CASH AND MOTORING PRIZES AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE OF £750 AND FREE MOTORING COMPETITION No. 896

Mr. O. BOLINGBROKE, 40, Relugas Road, Edinburgh.

Example:—CURE FOR DEPRESSION

Bullet:—"QUICK ONE," QUACK ONE.

£50 AND FREE MOTORING:

Mr. L. BELCHER, 58, Gaza Lines, Catterick Camp, Yorks.

Example: Gratitude

Bullet: Or Platitude? "Thank Heaven!"

£30 AND FREE MOTORING:

Mr. B. WHITAKER, 146, Vesper Road, Kirkstall, Leeds.

Example: Lost Ball

Bullet: World, In My Garden.

(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

£25 AND FREE MOTORING:

Mr. C. TREWAVAS, 2, Basford Road, Old Trafford, Manchester.

Example: Ahead Of Everybody

Bullet: "Crossing"—Don't Ignore "Light"!

£20 AND FREE MOTORING:

Mr. W. COTTON, "Vlamertinghe," Avenue Road, Freshwater, I.O.W.

Example: Brave Show

Bullet: Whitening Steps Wolf Darkens.

£10 AND FREE MOTORING:

Mr. C. KENYON, 29, Cromwell Street, Burnley.

Example: Our Twins

Bullet: One "Sets Other Off."

(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

5 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

G. H. COOPER, 44, Haverstock Road, Bristol.
Needed In The Country—More Scope—Scores Mope.

A. E. DIMMOCK, 5, Briar Road, Sheffield.
Looking On The Bright Side—Then "Leaping"—Love's Way.

G. HOTCHKIN, 15, Woodsley Avenue, Cleethorpes.
Rising In The World—Missed, Raising "My World."

G. H. RACKHAM, 36, Richville Road, Shirley, Southampton.
Old Wreck—"Waves" And "Mud" Beautify.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

J. A. WORSEY, 237, Derby Road, Sandiacre, Notts.
Brave Show—*She's* Treating *Me* To.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

W. G. COOK, 90, St. Whites Road, Cinderford, Glos.
Old Wreck—Doctor's Car—Village Healthy.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

W. EVANS, 3, Council Houses, Culford Road, Loughor, near Swansea.
Gratitude—"Touches"—Its Absence, Blow.

Miss P. HAGUE, 18, Clerke Street, Cleethorpes.
Shows It's Genuine—Ring Turned *Friends* Green.

C. D. HOUSE, 11, Clifton Wood Road, Bristol.
Cure For Depression—Champagne? No—"Sparkling Water."

I. PROSSER, 72, Ogwy Street, Nantymoel.
Lost Ball—Shattered Village Bradman's Popularity.

K. RAWLINSON, 23, St. Margaret's Road, London, N.
Ruined Me—"Another Won't Ruin me!"

Mrs. STARKEY, 35, Deakin Road, Erdington.
Wanted In The Country—Unselfishness—And More Pigs.

A. STEWARD, 68, Shaftesbury Avenue, Southend.
Gratitude—I Get—"Hi! Get!"
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

W. H. STRELLING, 735, Hessle Road, Hull.
For Many—Washing Tub's Wishing Well.

W. THOMAS, 343, Walsgrave Road, Stoke, Coventry.
Our Twins—Replicas—Except For Bumps!

A list of 60 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. Winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

SHARE THIS WEEK'S EXTRA BONUS OF £500

This coupon brings you a 12 weeks FREE supply of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, incorporating *John Bull's Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* "*Couplets*" *Courier* your 3-in-1 guide to the prize-list.

In this week's issue you will find a £500 Bonus Coupon enabling you to qualify for a share of this fine extra sum to be added to any cash prize you win in *Bullets* No 899.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry)

TURN TO PAGE 14 FOR INSURANCE COUPON.
BIG "JOHN BULL" PEN OFFER ON PAGE 18.

3-IN-1 PRIZE FOR A FEW WORDS

and £1,000 CASH

...OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £3,000

ROUND the WORLD in the Floating Palace S.S. "EMPRESS of BRITAIN"

Luxurious accommodation has been reserved for two by "John Bull" on this World Cruise, visiting MONACO - Naples—Athens—Port Said—Penang—Singapore—Bangkok—Batavia—Manila—Hong Kong—Shanghai—Kobe—Yokohama—Honolulu—San Francisco—Los Angeles—Havana—New York and Southampton.

• A VOYAGE OF A THOUSAND DELIGHTS •

50 PRIZES OF £1 • 500 PRIZES OF 2/6 • 2,000 'RED SEAL' TARGETS • 10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES...

HOW TO MAKE THAT PRIZE "BULLET"

FIRST of all, read through the *Examples* given and jot down the rough ideas they bring to your mind. Never mind how rough they may seem at first, for the very best of *Bullets* are often developed from quite ordinary ideas.

Now take these rough ideas in turn and polish each one into a *Bullet*, remembering that on your choice of words your whole future may depend.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example* WOOING PEACE you had jotted down the rough idea *Difficult With Enormous Armies*. You have now to improve your phrasing so that your idea is expressed in TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment.

A few minutes' juggling with words and you could readily produce the finished *Bullet*, WOOING PEACE—THEN "UNIFORM" ENDANGERS "SUIT."

Before starting on your own efforts, study the *Bullets* below, each of which brought its sender a Giant First Prize, noting how neatly they have been expressed.

FOR SERVICES RENDERED—KING "PINNED ON CROSS."
A HIGHWAYMAN—PESSIMISM—HOLD *Yourself* UP!
HER LOVE—"UMBRELLA" MOTHER *Never* LOSES
MOTHER'S JOY—WATCHING HER "*Manikin* PARADE."
BACHELOR PRINCE—"SPORT" EVE *Hasn't* CONQUERED.
IF WE WANT PEACE—LET *Meek Greet Meek*!

Having absorbed the good points of these winners, get busy on your own *Bullets* without delay. Time is flying, remember and *Bullets* Record Midsummer First can only be yours if your entry is in by Saturday, July 1.

ADD 2, 3, OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

ROUND THE WORLD
WOOING PEACE
OVER THE GARDEN WALL
THANKS TO ROOSEVELT
TO SHEATHE THE SWORD
FOR POSTERITY'S SAKE
OUR LITTLE ISLAND
BACK TO SANITY
RACE FOR SUPREMACY
GRIM STRUGGLE
WAR WE WANT
THE MILITARISTS
UPSETTING THE COUNTRY
WHAT YOUTH FORGETS

FIGHTING FOR FAME
PATIENT BRITANNIA
TREADING WARILY
BEER IS CHEAPER, BUT
ROBBING HUMANITY
DOWN BY THE SEA
HEAVEN AND EARTH
TO MAKE HER HAPPY
SUMMIT OF SUCCESS
COG IN THE MACHINE
LET'S BE FRIENDS AND
LEAVING THE PUB
GIRL IN THE WATER

DANGER AHEAD
SHORTLY
TELLING THE TALE
LIFE'S INNINGS
GOING
MOTHERS
FAMILY MAN
ROCKS
THE SPIDER
TURNED OUT
SCATTERED
JUST FANCY
SANDS OF TIME

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(899) Closing SAT., July 1 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

CUT OUT EACH COUPON SEPARATELY

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(899) Closing SAT., July 1 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

50 BIG HOLIDAY PRIZES COMING NEXT WEEK!

ENTER ON THESE BIG COUPONS

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(899) Closing SAT., July 1 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(899) Closing SAT., July 1 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(899) Closing SAT., July 1 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Enter name and address in full on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(899) Closing SAT., July 1 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on page 38. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 899, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

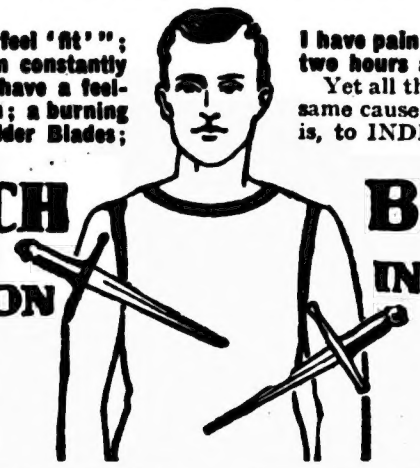
CICFA & INDIGESTION

are always at

"DAGGERS DRAWN"

Many say, **"I never feel 'fit'"**; many more say, **"I am constantly in distress or pain. I have a feeling of pressure and pain; a burning pain between the Shoulder Blades; I have pain soon after eating or pain two hours after eating."**

Yet all these pains are due to the same cause as lack of fitness—that is, to INDIGESTION.



STOMACH INDIGESTION *gives rise to the following* **SYMPTOMS**

ACIDITY with **HEARTBURN.**
GASES with eructations.
NEURALGIC HEADACHES.
TONGUE coated white.
COMPLEXION blotchy.
REDNESS of nose.
EATING disliked and Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest.
BURNING SPOT behind left Shoulder-blade.

BOWEL INDIGESTION *gives rise to the following* **SYMPTOMS**

CONSTIPATION with griping pains in Bowel.
FLATULENCE.
Dull, Heavy **HEADACHES.**
ACIDITY causing Lumbago,
RHEUMATISM Sciatica, etc.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
TONGUE coated yellow.
BILIOUSNESS and bad taste in mouth.

Those who are unfit, and those who suffer from pain and distress, should know that Digestion **begins** in the mouth through the effect of the saliva upon the food, is **continued** on the Albuminous food in the Stomach by the Digestive Ferments, and **completed** in the Bowel by the action of further Digestive Ferments on the Starchy food. **WITHOUT THESE FERMENTS DIGESTION COULD NOT OCCUR.**

Cicfa both adds to and stimulates the secretion of the natural Digestive Ferments AND SO RESTORES DIGESTION. Thus the nourishment is absorbed as the digesting food moves slowly downwards, Fermentation is checked, Flatulence decreases, and the blood grows richer and purer, nourishing all the tissues and producing a *feeling of perfect fitness* throughout the body.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. PRICE 1/3 and 3/- or post free from The Cicfa Co., 8, Duke Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1.

Leave *your* Truss behind

—and spend Holidays in Comfort this Year!

Join in the fun. Take your fill of health-giving exercise. Be gloriously free to run, jump and romp about with an easy mind—secure from rupture.

Our Illustrated Booklet about the BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE shows you the way. Send for it and learn about our wonderful Free Trial Offer and the BROOKS Guarantee which ensures the return of your money in *full* if not perfectly satisfied.

Relieve your Rupture—*AT OUR RISK*

When you feel the delightful buoyancy, perfect support and absolute comfort of the **BROOKS RUPTURE APPLIANCE** you will marvel at its simple construction. It holds the rupture securely and firmly, is perfectly hygienic and *cannot* be thrown out of position. 2,300 medical men recommend you to wear it. Over 744,000 people have already accepted our NO RISK TRIAL OFFER.

If you wish to arrange for a *Brooks Rupture Appliance* to be supplied through your Approved Society, we shall be pleased to offer you assistance and advice.

Take the Plunge—NOW!

FILL IN THE COUPON—If you really want to make the most of your holiday—if you want to *forget* your Rupture—then spend two minutes filling in and posting the coupon below. You will thank us afterwards for putting this opportunity your way.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY, LTD.,
(482 K) Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street (Stevenson Square), MANCHESTER, 1.
(482 K) 80, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book with full information about your Appliance for Rupture and your Free Trial Offer.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If you are State Insured, please give here the name and address of your Approved Society:

(Please write plainly).....

IN HOT WEATHER *Every Girl should use* ALLUHR

FAMOUS FILM STARS PRAISE ALLUHR.

For instance:—
"I use 'Alluhr,' and every girl who takes pride in perfect grooming should do the same," writes
Anne Grey

Hot sunny days which necessitate the wearing of the lightest frocks or bathing suits are the days when girls most need to ensure that their charm is flawless. Guard against the blemish of unsightly and superfluous hair by using 'Alluhr,' the new scientific hair remover.

'Alluhr' is safe and sure. In a trice it will remove all traces of unwanted hair, leaving the skin smooth and supple. 'Alluhr' lasts five times as long as other hair removers; it retards re-growth, whereas a razor will promote dark, stubbly growth. Use 'Alluhr' to-day—it will guard your youthful freshness and charm throughout the summer months.

TEST ALLUHR FOR SEVEN DAYS FREE

Buy a box of 'Alluhr' from your retailer. If you are not satisfied that it is all we guarantee and you return the box—within 7 days he will refund your money in full.

ALLUHR

THE SAFE HAIR REMOVER FOR FACE AND BODY.

6P. and 1/- or 2/6 with brush

From all Chemists and Stores.

If unobtainable locally, write:
ALLUHR BEAUTY PRODUCTS, LTD. (Dept. 508),
1, Hardwick Street, London, E.C.1.

Use **ALLUHR DEODORANT.** Do not offend unwittingly. Your friends may not like to tell you—make sure by checking perspiration with this wonderful preparation.

ALLUHR DEODORANT Per large bottle **1/3**

I have made Pounds through Record Clubs

YOU TOO CAN EARN BIG MONEY!

"Record" Clubs offer you an interesting and easy spare time hobby whereby you can considerably add to your income in good solid Cash! There is NO outlay on your part. NO expense, NO samples to buy or carry, NO trouble, and the amount you can earn is only limited by the time you can spare. We pay the largest Cash Commission.

Our Illustrated Catalogues are full of Amazing Bargains in Furniture, Household Goods, Fancy Goods, Clothing, etc. Send now for full particulars and Catalogues to Dept. J. B.

BOLSOMS' 60, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.

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